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## THE FRIENDS OF LONG AGO.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

When I sit in the twilight gloaming,  
And the busy streets grow still,  
I dream of the wide green meadows,  
And the old house on the hill,  
I can see the roses blooming  
About the doorway low,  
And again my heart gives greeting  
To the friends of long ago!

I can see my mother, sitting  
With life's snowflakes in her hair,  
And she smiles above her knitting,  
And her face is saintly fair,  
And I see my father, reading  
From the Bible on his knee,  
And again I hear him praying  
As he used to pray for me—  
So long ago!

I see all the dear old faces  
Of the boys and girls at home,  
As I saw them in the dear old days,  
Before we had learned to roam,  
And I sing the old songs over,  
With the friends I used to know,  
And my heart forgets its sorrows  
In its dream of long ago,  
Dear long ago!

How widely our feet have wandered,  
From the old home's tender ties,  
Some are beyond the ocean,  
And some are beyond the skies,  
My heart grows sad with thinking  
Of the friends I used to know,  
Perhaps I shall meet in heaven  
All the loved of long ago—  
Dear long ago!

## The Girl Rivals;

OR,

## THE WAR OF HEARTS.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE  
BARBARA," "HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### A REJECTED APPEAL.

"She loves me!—her eyes betrayed it!" he murmured, with a fierce joy, as he hurried down the steps.

For an hour he walked up one street and down another, in a most distracted way. From the first he had anticipated such an ending to this miserable business—yet when the expected blow fell, he was stunned.

At the end of an hour he called a carriage and was driven to the humble home of the young stranger whose fate was so inextricably blended with his own.

I say "stranger," for the acquaintance of this rashly-wedded pair had progressed but slowly since they had left the altar before which they had been pronounced "man and wife." A brief call of fifteen minutes each afternoon, during which he always saw his bride in the presence of her mother, had been the utmost limit of the bridegroom's attentions. He had intimated to Mrs. Lovelace that some cultivation of each other's society and friendship would be desirable for both, before they began to live together. The mother gladly acquiesced—since, although her desire to secure a rich husband for her child before she herself should be taken away from this life had induced her to consent to the sudden marriage, she had felt the want of delicacy in such a proceeding.

She was more than pleased with the refined consideration of her new son-in-law; as yet seeing little reason to complain, since he never came without bringing rich presents to herself and her daughter. New furniture came to replace the few shabby articles remaining of their store; delicacies, suited to an invalid's appetite; fine dresses for herself; and for her darling child jewels, laces, fans, perfumery, *bijouterie*, and a whole outfit of handsome garments, bonnets, wraps, dainty robes. The bride had a new purse, filled with gold and bank-notes, in place of the poor little affair she had lost.

Every day, after their fine luncheon, little Mildred dressed herself in her new finery and sat down by the window to watch and wait for her fairy prince. She was as pretty as possible, with her soft gold-brown hair piled up on her head to make her appear taller and more like a wife—her silken dress falling about her fairy figure, her white neck encircled with pearls or costly-cut pink corals, and the wedding-ring shining on the slender finger of the dimpled hand which rested on the window-sill.

At first Mildred had gone to meet her prince with the eagerness of a child who expects new toys; but a change was coming over her manner very rapidly.

Before her strange marriage Mildred had been simply a child; but womanly feelings develop wonderfully under "the light of a dark eye" shining upon the unopened buds which have heretofore lain so closely curled. The rose of love was forced into sudden bloom in her heart. Its sweet perfume stole through her being, thrilling her veins with life and joy; but also, this rose, so sweet, so intoxicating in its delicious fragrance, was set about with cruel thorns.

Dreaming over her peculiar position, day and night, Mildred was not such a child but that she perceived its embarrassments and dangers; her sole hope, her sole wish—the one wild cry of her young heart—was, that her prince might learn to love her as she already loved him.

Was it possible? Was there even the shadow of a hope that it might come to pass?



Ruth snatched the jewel from her finger and threw it, with her full force, far over the sparkling snow.

She sat by the window looking for him, and when he came and she rose to meet him, there was a smile on her lip, but she was pale as death. He gave her the customary light kiss on her forehead, and led her back to her chair. "You are pale, little Mildred," he said, after bowing to the mother.

"Pale, Mr. Garner?" and then, indeed, she blushed rosy red, all over the sweet brow and fair throat. "I am very well indeed. But you are not well, sir. You are pale, I am sure," and the little hand with the wedding-ring on it crept timidly toward his, shrinking back again, however, before she touched him. "I have had a shock," he said, laughing lightly. "I did not suppose it had changed my complexion, though."

She looked at him wistfully—would he tell her? She longed to know what had troubled him; but she would not venture the liberty of asking him.

"My uncle has disinherited me and driven me out of his house with orders not to step my foot in it again. So now, little Mildred, I am as poor as you are!"

A flash of light illuminated the child-wife's face; her color came and went; her lips parted; her great violet eyes shone on his with sudden splendor for a moment and then fell, modestly, before his look.

Surely, now that he was poor and had no home, he would come to them—to her and her mother! How gladly she would dispose of the jewels and silks he had given her, so as to gain a little money to make this poor home more comfortable for him! Yes, she would willingly take up again the tedious music-lessons, for his sake! How earnestly she would try to make him forget his troubles! Oh, if she knew some better way to make money, so that she could occasionally surprise him with some of his accustomed luxuries! Thus the thoughts of the poor little simple thing leaped forward, painting their future.

She was aroused from these delicious plans by the cold, unsteady tones of her mother's voice.

"Had your sudden marriage anything to do with your uncle's action, Mr. Garner?"

"Everything, my dear madam. You see, he had other views for me—had another bride, in fact, selected. It is natural that he should be disappointed and offended."

"What do you propose to do?"

"There you have me, madame. I have not had time to decide upon my future as yet; it is scarcely an hour since my haughty relative gave me permission to forget his existence."

"Perhaps he will repent and recall you."

"I do not happen to be made of the stuff that is subject to recalls. When a man kicks me out of his house, I am not a dog, to be coaxed back again."

"But you must consider his feelings, Mr. Garner. Supposing you do not make up with your uncle, however: do you mean to say that you have absolutely nothing of your own?"

"I have my hands and my head, but neither of these are accustomed to making themselves useful. Still, not to discourage you too much, Mrs. Lovelace, I will say that I have at least a thousand dollars' worth of knick knacks bought with money left me by my father; that I will dispose of these as soon as possible, and give to you, for your daughter's use, every penny which they bring. After that is done, I will consider further."

"I do not want your money," spoke up little Mildred, with trembling lips; "I will not take it, Mr. Garner; you need it more than I

do. Do you suppose I would touch it?" indignantly.

He smiled at her affectionately, laying his hand lightly on her soft, gold-threaded hair for an instant.

"You must take it, little Mildred," he said, half-reprovingly. "It is my business and my right to provide for you. I want to make you and your mother as comfortable as I can before I go away."

"Go away?"—this from Mrs. Lovelace.

"Yes, madame. Boston is not the place for me to begin making my living, under the circumstances. I shall do better in some other place. It hurts a fellow's pride, you understand, to have the cold shoulder thrust under his nose. I shall leave the city as soon as I can wind up my small affairs. Mildred, good-by for to-day. I will see you to-morrow as usual."

Mildred arose from her chair and made him a stately bow. She did not seem to see the hand he held out; while so proudly did she hold her graceful little head, she seemed to him to have grown inches taller in a moment. Her soft eyes flashed, her lip curled, her cheek was white as winter's snow. Otis Garner felt, as he left her presence, as if some queen had just dismissed him in disgrace.

He flattered himself that he understood "the girls."

Truly, he had flirted with enough of them! But he did not understand this one—for he mistook the cause of her displeasure.

"She's a mercenary little wretch!" he said, to himself, as he walked away. "By Venus! I did not think she would be the first to show me how I had fallen! Upon my word, her little beggary was quite grand! It's a wonder she did not tell me not to call again. Perhaps she will cut me entirely by to-morrow! I must take her a present. And, by-the-by, I must attend to that little business of raising some money for her. I can't leave them penniless—she and her mother."

"I'm married to a wife, my boys, and that by Jove's no joke! I've ate the white of this world's egg, and now must eat the yolk."

sings Bailey, and he's about right. Let me see! Uncle gave me the yacht and the pair of blacks—they are now his property again; I won't raise money on them. But the bay trotter I bought with my own private funds. He is good for eight hundred at this time of the year—worth two thousand easily, when you don't want to sell. I can't spare my watch; but I have a lot of expensive trash: my diamond sleeve-buttons cost me three hundred—good for half that, I suppose. My onyx cameos are worth about as much. My spinnax-head buttons cost something—why, yes, my sleeve-buttons alone, come to think, are a nice little collection worth a thousand dollars at forced sale. Think of providing for a wife on the strength of one's sleeve-buttons! Otis laughed so gayly at the idea that a stranger, passing him, looked back at the happy young man with wonder and envy.

It was three days before Otis Garner called again on his girl-wife. When he did appear, it was to say good-by.

"I go to New York on the evening train," he said.

His face was sadder, his healthy, olive glow blanched to a sickly brown; his words were abrupt; he was evidently in a hurry. But he took Mrs. Lovelace aside and gave her a bank-book, telling her that he had deposited fifteen hundred dollars to the credit of Mrs. Mildred

Garner, which sum she was to draw upon as she needed it.

"You have not left yourself penniless?" the mother had the grace to inquire. She was bitterly disappointed at the way matters were turning out, much on account of the loss of wealth and grandeur of station to her darling daughter, and more because she feared her rash approval of the hasty marriage was doomed to blight that daughter's happiness.

"No—I have five hundred dollars in my pocket."

"Well, you have been very liberal, I am sure—under the circumstances. We thank you."

Otis bowed and turned to Mildred who stood in the center of the room, still and white as a statue. He had not forgotten her demeanor at his last visit. Believing her selfish and calculating, he was glad of it, as an excuse to himself for treating her as he intended to do. He did not know of the pangs which that proud look covered—pangs of wounded love, of cruel mortification at his indifference.

Now he took her little cold hand calmly and proceeded to say the last few words in a voice destitute of the least emotion. Mildred looked up pleadingly into the dark eyes, so beautiful and so cold to her; her sweet mouth blanched and trembled—oh, how pretty and how pitiable she looked!

The young man began to grow uneasy under those asking eyes. He wished "the doosed, embarrassing interview" well over.

"You will write to me, Mr. Garner?"

"Write! Oh, certainly—that is, I suppose so—of course, occasionally. But I expect to be in business and not have much time to myself."

"Just a few little lines, now and then, that I may know how you prosper."

"Well, of course. And now, good-by, little Mildred. Take good care of her, Mrs. Lovelace, will you?"

Mildred clung to the hand he held out to her. She gasped out, with dry lips, those loving, piteous eyes fixed on his:

"Take me with you, Mr. Garner!"

"I cannot," he answered, abruptly, astonished and alarmed. "I have nothing on which to keep a wife; it would be folly—madness! Remain here with your good mother. She will take better care of you than I could."

"That is true," said Mildred, slowly. "And I could not leave dear, sick mamma, after all. You are right, Mr. Garner."

Pride was again struggling for mastery over love, which had broken all bounds, even of girlish timidity, when she made that passionate appeal. Her eyes fell, her cold little hand relaxed its hold; she stood mute.

"Perhaps some day it will be different," Otis said, more tenderly, pitying the frail little creature who drooped before him. "If I ever get rich I will come for you—for you are my wife, you know, strange as it seems."

"Yes, I know."

"If you get weary of waiting before I have made that fortune the law gives you release, you know, Mildred. A few years of 'willful desertion' on my part will free you. Perhaps that would be the greatest kindness I could do you."

No response.

"Well, farewell, little Mildred."

"Good-by, Mr. Garner."

He lifted her hand to his lips, bowed to her mother, and hurried out, glad to get away from a "scene," into the open air.

Little Mildred stood where he left her until the last echo of his foot on the pavement died away—then she sunk slowly, slowly down, and would have fallen had not her mother caught her in her feeble arms and sunk down with her, pillowing the pale white-rose cheek in her lap, and gazing with anguish and remorse at the closed eyes—closed in merciful unconsciousness to the weary truth that this is a hard world for the poor and unprotected.

### CHAPTER V. A CRUEL MISTAKE.

RUTH FLETCHER arose very early on Christmas morning. It was yet a full hour to daylight. She ran to the window in her nightgown, parted the dimity curtains and looked out, gazing a moment at the glorious "Star of the East," blazing transcendent over the dark brown of the wooded hills. Old Speckle-back, in the barn-yard, was crowing lustily, as if saying, "Merry—merry—mer-ry Christmas to all!"

"A merry Christmas to you, too, old Speckle-back," whispered Ruth; and then, shivering—for it was very cold—she lighted her lamp and hurried to dress herself; after which she crept softly down-stairs.

She heard Betsy, the servant-girl, stirring up the fire in the kitchen-stove, but she did not go there; she slipped into the sitting-room, drawing toward the great tiled fireplace, from which came the faint, smothered glimmer of the covered hickory coals. There was still heat enough to make the vicinity of the hearth quite comfortable; she crouched down by it, poked the ashes away from the buried fire, so that she could see better, and glanced with curiosity at a short row of bulging stockings which hung on a little line below the tall mantelpiece.

It had been made up between her and the schoolmaster that they should play children and "hang up their stockings." David's blue-yeared sock was there, also. They had had a great deal of fun the previous evening disposing these articles to their satisfaction and wondering what Santa Claus would bring them.

Ruth had no intention of examining the contents until the others had arrived to share the inspection. But she had found no suitable opportunity, the night before, of depositing her gift in the teacher's stocking without being observed. Therefore she had stolen down early to do so. She saw, by the dim red light, that there were things in her stocking. Had he placed any of them—and, oh, what would they be? Still, she would not look, until the time agreed upon. With nervous, trembling fingers she slipped her present into the schoolmaster's long silk stocking. It was an elegant, costly stocking. She had thought her soft white merino one pretty enough, but it was no match for this. The ever-turking fear that Mr. Otis, poor as he seemed to be, must despise her and her people and their country ways returned upon her in full force and she half-withdrew her hand, while a painful struggle went on in her mind. But the powerful temptation overcame her fears and she fiercely thrust down into the silken toe a little oval package wrapped in tissue paper.

Mistaken Ruth! She had done what no girl should ever do, unless she is engaged to him—given her picture to a young man. It is true that when she had once shown the photograph to Mr. Otis, he had carelessly said that he would like a copy of it—that was all. And now she had bestowed it on him without further solicitation. Girls cannot be too chary of such gifts. Men are too mannish to need such encouragement.

But then, Ruth was very young, and very innocent and ignorant. She thought she might properly make a "Christmas gift" of her picture to her teacher; half the girls in school had already bestowed these tokens of friendship upon him. How many of these he had thrown away she did not know or care. She felt positive that he would not serve her so. It was a pretty—a very pretty face in that little oval case! She knew it. Ruth was a modest, sensitive girl; but she could not help knowing that she was very handsome, and the photograph had caught her "happiest expression"—as the artist termed it—the coquettish droop of the long lashes, the slight arching of the dark brows as if she studied some mischief, the smile about the pretty mouth, while the hundred little rings and tendrils of chestnut-brown hair, curling about the white, intellectual forehead, were almost as lovely in the picture as in the reality.

After she had dropped her gift into the silk stocking Ruth crouched by the fire again, waiting for the others. A dozen times she started up to withdraw the photograph, and as often sunk back without doing it. When she had finally fully determined to leave it there she fell into a reverie about the schoolmaster.

He had been very kind to her ever since that evening when she had noticed him so gloomy and pre-occupied—kinder than ever before. He had detained her hand when she said good-night on Christmas Eve, pressing it tenderly, and looking at her with such a look! Her heart beat fast at the memory of it. True, he was going to Boston on the morrow; but it was only on business, and he had taken pains to tell her that he disliked going, and would have avoided it had it been possible for him to have done so.

And then, somehow, Ruth's thoughts wandered off to another young man who had also pressed her hand and looked at her with such a look, the previous evening, and who had



gone off early, and in a pet, because she had treated him coolly in the presence of the schoolmaster.

Jasper Judson was the eldest son of the farmer whose land joined Fletcher's. The Fletchers were rich and the Judsons were rich, according to the limited idea of riches of their neighbors. Both owned large and well-cultivated farms, with stock and implements in abundance, and great, comfortable houses, with lawns in front, summer-houses on the lawns, and carriages and carriage-houses in the stables. Each had quite a sum of money, saved in prosperous seasons, in the Boston banks. Both families aspired to some style and more cultivation. Jasper was being fitted by Mr. Otis for college, while Ruth had been away at an academy for two years, and could jabber bad French and play the piano better than the majority of young ladies.

So that the settled idea of the fathers of the young people that Judson's son and Fletcher's daughter were well matched, and ought to mate when the right time came, was a very sensible and pleasant view of matters.

The parties most interested had held the same views until quite recently—until, in fact, "the Boston snob" had come to teach the winter school, and Ruth had concluded to attend it.

Not that Ruth and Jasper were engaged, or ever had been. He had been contented, so far, to know that she always preferred him to any other escort, when they went to evening church, singing-school, sleighing-parties or spelling-bees. But, since the advent of Mr. Otis—handsome, dark, mysterious, self-possessed, contemptuous doubtless—his feelings had changed. Rage, sorrow, burning jealousy had taken the place of expectant content. His heart had grown sorer and sorer, until it would no longer bear the least jar given by careless Ruth more often than was necessary.

He had come over on Christmas Eve, notwithstanding he had been so angry with Ruth that he had not spoken to her when they last met—had come, driven to torment himself still more keenly by bringing his actual eyes to behold what his mental ones pictured constantly—the sight, so hateful to him, of the haughty schoolmaster making himself agreeable to Ruth—his Ruth.

"What is he, anyhow?" Jasper had said to himself, going over. "Only a country school-teacher! I could buy him out, six times over!"

Yet, though only a teacher, as Jasper said, the country boy felt the full weight of the power which ease, knowledge of the world, elegant manners and graceful accomplishments gave to the one he considered his rival.

It had been agreed upon, before Jasper went away the previous evening, to have a grand skating-party on the river Christmas night. Ruth, sitting there in the slowly-growing dawn, her bright eyes fixed on the glimmering coals, hoped and wished that Mr. Otis would make one of the party; yet she hardly believed he would.

Then she contrasted, in her busy mind, Jasper and the teacher. Poor Jasper! he came very sorrowfully out of the experiment.

Then, all in a blush and with her fair face burning with thrills, the dreaming girl sprang to her feet, laughing at her own embarrassment. Mr. Otis stood on the hearth; David came softly behind him.

"Merry Christmas to both!" cried the boy; and there were laughing, and pleasant wishes, and a gay examination of the contents of the stockings.

The first thing the teacher drew from his was a ferrule.

"You gave me that, David," and the boy laughed at his own joke.

Then the hand of the owner went deeper and drew up the little oval package. Ruth bent over her own stocking that he might not read the tell-tale expression of her face; David was deep in the surprises of his own sock; so neither noticed the glimmer of a scornful, satirical smile which played an instant over the teacher's face, as he unfolded the tissue-paper and saw its contents.

"Little fool!" was what he thought: "Little beauty!" was what he said.

Ruth could not read the thought, but she heard the words, and the flush on her cheeks grew deeper, though she affected not to hear, being so busy with her own treasures. For Ruth, being an only daughter, was not slighted by her family.

There were many nice things in her stocking—a purse from father, with fifty dollars, pin-money, in it—a handsome card-case from David—a set of coral jewelry from mother—and last, at the very bottom of all, a tiny box. On opening this, there in its white-velvet bed sparkled a diamond ring! She uttered a low cry; then, looking as if on the verge of laughter and tears, she gathered up her apron, with stocking and all in it, and fled up to her own room without once looking the schoolmaster in the face. Locking the door, she sat down on the edge of the bed, her heart fluttering, her breath panting.

"A ring! Of course he gave it to me! There is no one else would think of such a thing—except Jasper!—and if Jasper gave me a ring, it would be some cheap, common thing! This is a real diamond, like those he wears in his bosom. It could come from no one else. And I know what it means! Diamond rings are engagement-rings. Oh, I hoped so—I hoped so, before, and now I am certain of it! What a happy, happy, happy girl I am!"

All in a tremble, blushing, crying, smiling, she drew the beautiful jewel from its velvet cushion and examined it.

"Ruth" was engraved on the inside of the ring. She tried it on "the engagement-finger" of her left hand; it fitted as if the dimpled finger had been measured for it.

The bell rung for breakfast. It seemed to her as if she could never face him now. Yet she must go down, or father and mother would think it strange; she had not yet thanked them for their gifts. While she hesitated, some one tried the door and then knocked.

"Who is it?"

"I," answered David's voice.

"Do you want anything?"

"Yes; I want to tell you what he said."

Ruth opened the door a little way—she did not want her brother's sharp eyes to read her face.

"He gave the ring to me to put in your stocking, sis; and he said, 'Tell her, if she puts it on her finger and wears it, I will take it as a sign and a promise.'"

"Yes, David. Thank you. You are a good brother," whispered the girl. "Run down to breakfast now."

"You come, too; mother's asking after you."

Ruth ran back and replaced the ring on her finger—she had returned it to its box, too timid to show it down stairs. Then she stole down to the great kitchen where the family usually partook of its meals in winter time. She glided in like a morning sunbeam; then, as Mr. Otis looked up, smiling at her, she veiled her emotion in a rush to her mother,

whom she embraced, and thanked for her lovely gift. Father, too, had to be hugged and kissed and thanked; finally, all in a flurry and confusion, Ruth took her place at table beside the teacher, her happy eyes veiled shyly by their long lashes, her sweet voice trembling a little when she replied to his commonplace remarks about the weather, the skating party, and other home topics.

It chanced, though the teacher staid home all day, that he and Ruth were not left alone together a single moment. There were friends of the family to dinner. The brief day soon drew toward dark, and Ruth, almost as awed and frightened as she was happy, felt it a relief that Mr. Otis had no opportunity of speaking to her privately. It was enough that they had come to a mutual understanding. Her wearing of his ring was all that was necessary. Whenever her shy, soft eyes did venture to meet his own, there was a silent laugh deep down in those black eyes that she hardly understood. But his manner was very devoted; so much so, that the visitors noticed it, rallying her in private over her "conquest," as people do on such occasions. And David would look so knowing that he made her blush more than once.

At dinner Mr. Otis had promised to go down on the ice with them that night.

"This evening, when we are together on the river, he will speak to me, and thank me for wearing his ring," thought happy Ruth; "I can bear to have it spoken about then."

"I wish I had not promised to go with Jasper Judson," was her thought, all the afternoon. "But, I need not keep much with him. Mr. Otis will find a way to take me away from him."

Evening came and brought Jasper. He looked rather pale and cold when he came in, but soon warmed, and was bright and gay—more so than they had seen him for weeks. He was a fine-looking young fellow—a little awkward yet—he was only twenty—but full of spirit and fire. It was easy to see that he had a will of his own. The flash of his clear gray eye, the firm line of his handsome mouth betrayed it; also that he was open-hearted, generous and brave.

The little party were soon ready to join the larger one on the ice. Mr. Otis and David went a little in advance, followed by Jasper and Ruth. Jasper lingered on the way exasperatingly. His companion's eyes followed the lessening figure of Mr. Otis; her thoughts were all with him.

They had come to a secluded place on their way to the river, when Ruth was suddenly surprised by finding herself clasped in Jasper's trembling arms.

"Dear, dear, darling Ruth," he murmured, trying to find her averted face, "how can I ever thank you for your goodness. Ah, that vile schoolmaster! Why was I ever so jealous of him, when you loved me, after all, my little sweet! When I saw my ring on your finger this evening, and David told me he had given you my mes—"

"Your ring!" cried Ruth, almost with a scream, wrenching herself from him and standing erect, panting, pale, under the great green stars that looked calmly down.

"My ring, of course, until it became yours. David told you—for he said so," stammered Jasper, confused and doubting.

Ruth snatched the jewel from her finger and threw it, with her full force, far away over the sparkling snow; then she burst into a laugh.

"Pardon me for misleading you, Jasper Judson. I thought—upon my word! I thought David gave me the nasty little glass diamond!" and she laughed long and merrily.

## CHAPTER VI.

### AN ACCIDENT AND AN ACCUSATION.

JASPER was not deceived by the little white lie Ruth had told to conceal her mortification and disappointment.

He saw, in one lightning flash, the mistake she had made. He knew that those beaming looks, which he falsely dreamed were owing to his gift, had been caused by her belief that Mr. Otis had given her the ring.

For a few moments the two stood in the road silent. The brilliant starlight falling on the glittering snow made light enough for Jasper to see the blank misery on his companion's face had he chosen to look. But, awkward and coarse as Ruth thought him, in comparison with another, he was the truer gentleman of the two.

Mr. Otis would have looked—and smiled. Jasper was too considerate, too delicate, even in that moment of rage and pain, to gaze upon the embarrassment which he knew was there.

"Oh, I shall die! I shall die!" was the girl's silent cry, as she thought over the day and felt that Mr. Otis must have perceived her mistake. "I shall die from shame and misery! He was laughing at me all the time! Oh, how cruel! How wicked! He might so easily have undeceived me in some delicate way. I hate him. I hate Jasper. I hate everybody. Oh, I wish I were dead!"

Jasper, too, was thinking, as he set his teeth together.

"I hate him—she loves him! Curse his sneering face! He comes in my way tonight and it will be the worse for him."

Finally, with choking voice, he said:

"Take my arm, Ruth. Let us not expose ourselves to the ridicule of others. I will conduct you to the ice, and leave you with Mr. Otis."

"No—no. Not with him; leave me with David."

So they went along, silently, until they came in sight of the gay party thronging the smooth ice of the river, where, a half-mile above the mill-pond, it flowed straight, broad and swift, in summer, and in winter made the finest skating-ground anywhere in the vicinity. A large fire of logs and brushwood had been built on shore, where cold toes could be toasted, and where a great kettle full of coffee steamed, ready for any who desired it. The young people had brought good things in baskets, too; since, this being Christmas night, they had resolved upon the novelty of a picnic on the ice.

As they drew near the two saw the schoolmaster already surrounded by a bevy of admiring girls. With a scowl upon his usually pleasant face, Jasper looked at him a minute, and then, approaching David, with Ruth still on his arm, he said:

"Take care of your sister a little while; I must help the boys place more logs on the fire."

"Shall I strap your skates on for you, Ruth?" asked the boy.

"No," she answered him, bitterly. "I never want you to do anything for me again."

"Now, what's up, sis? Didn't I do the errand jolly this morning?"

She did not reply, and he looked, in surprise, at her pale face and glistening eyes; not a glimmer of the truth made its way into his innocent brain.

She walked quickly toward a group further away, so as to avoid the teacher's eyes, but he

had already given her one quick, sidelong look, unperceived. Sitting on a block of ice, she was working to put on her skates herself, when Mr. Otis came up.

"Allow me, Ruth," he said, smiling at her with those inscrutable eyes of his, as he bent, on one knee, to assist her.

"Do you skate?" I forget what you told me about it," she asked him, trying to affect carelessness—her heart was nearly bursting out of her bosom, but pride enabled her to steady her voice and to look him in the face as he answered:

"I used to be the champion skater at college. I have not practiced lately, and to night I am unprovided with skates."

"Somebody must lend you a pair. Jasper Judson is held to be the champion skater of Pentucket. I should like to see you two try a race together."

"If I can borrow a good pair of skates, you shall be obliged, Miss Ruth. Though, as I say, I am out of practice."

The skates were on by this time, and Ruth, rising, glided away from him, and off by herself, on a more deserted part of the river. As the schoolmaster had no skates he could not follow her; and Jasper would not, so, for awhile, she was alone, as she wished to be.

By this time her cheeks, instead of being pale, were scarlet with the tingling flush of shame. The one terrible thought, that she had betrayed her heart to Mr. Otis, made her almost desperate. It seemed as if she could never face him, or Jasper, or the world again.

She glided up and down swiftly, in a vain attempt to forget about that hated ring; gradually, other young people came about her, rallying her for liking her own company so well—and then, who so gay, who so witty, who so pretty, what girl such a daring skater as Ruth Fletcher! She had the other girls jealous in less than half an hour, for she flirted with all the fellows impartially.

He shall see that I'm not heartbroken yet!" was the thought in her mind as she laughed and chattered, the loveliest and the merriest of all those red-cheeked maidens flitting about in the fantastic light and shadow of the great bonfire, whose leaping flames lightened and darkened, casting weird light over the snowy shores, the smooth-swept ice, and the ever-flitting, ever-changing figures.

There were several matches of skill on skates, before the picnic refreshments were served at ten o'clock. While the whole party was gathered at one spot partaking of the cakes and coffee, some talk came up about Jasper Judson's wonderful feats on the ice. Ruth remarked that Mr. Otis had also once held the championship; whereupon there was great anxiety to see the two do their best.

At first, the teacher excused himself for being out of practice and having no skates; but, being pressed, yielded, one of his pupils having tendered him the use of a satisfactory pair of club skates, and he consented to the trial.

Having been renowned at college in all games of strength and skill, Mr. Otis doubtless expected an easy victory.

But his rival—in more than the art of skating—was burning with a desire for some sort of conquest over this "insufferable city snob," as in his heart he regarded him.

All the evening his anger and his hatred had been growing; there was no laughter in that flash of the eye with which he accepted the challenge.

All the others remained idle while these two went through an astonishing number of skillful exercises, including all possible known feats of carving the American eagle, writing their names, etc.; and neither had gained a victory over the other. Finally, a race up the river was to be run. The course was passable for at least three miles, though the windings of the river made it too crooked for the spectators to keep the skaters in sight, as they shot off, like arrows from tight-strained bows. Of course, none but themselves knew in what order they reached the goal. They came to it at the same second of time.

"We will race back," said Jasper, biting off his words, "past the ground where the folks are, on down to the elm tree, a quarter of a mile this side the mill-dam. We ought not to go beyond that, as the ice is thin over the rapid water, and full of air-holes. What do you say?"

"Agreed. One—two—three—off!"

The schoolmaster skated on the long run as if he were shod with the wind, instead of mortal skates. Shutting his teeth together, cursing him, almost, in his bitter young passion-sweeling heart, Jasper fled after him. He had come up the stream, at an equal pace with his rival. Yet now it seemed likely to prove that this effeminate "city snob" had muscles better trained than his own—had a reserved power only beginning to be called on, when he, the country bred athlete, was panting and wearing out.

Every energy of Jasper's was called to the rescue, as he saw himself falling hopelessly behind. Yet, when they came in sight of the watchful group around the bonfire, he was two rods behind his companion. The thought that Ruth was among those spectators to witness his discomfiture, spurred Jasper to still more desperate exertion; and when they passed the party—whose cheers and waving handkerchiefs produced but small impression on their strained senses—the two were nearly abreast.

But as soon as a sharp turn of the river, whose banks were fringed with bushes at that spot, took them out of sight again, Jasper found himself unable to keep up "the spurt," and again fell behind.

It was fifteen or twenty minutes before the party saw, coming back as slowly as he had gone down swiftly, Jasper Judson. His face was deadly pale, his eyes stared from their sockets; but no one, at first, noticed this.

"Where's Mr. Otis?" "Who beat?" "Who's the winner?" "Where's the teacher?" assailed him on every side as he came up.

He looked about in a dumb, dazed sort of way.

"I'm afraid he's done for," he answered, hoarsely.

"Done for? Did you beat him? Hurrah!" cried David Fletcher.

"I mean—drowned," stammered Jasper, like a man waking out of a sleep. "He must have skated into an air-hole. I was—"

But here a low, sharp, heart-piercing scream interrupted him and made him turn and look at Ruth.

"When? Where?" cried all the young men of the party.

"Great heaven! something must be done!"

"I fear you are too late. But come on! I'll show you!"—and the men all rushed away on their swift skates, leaving the girls confounded, terrified, and some of them fainting.

Ruth went off by herself and sat down on a block of ice. She did not speak or move during the long half-hour the men were away. These came back, unwillingly and mournfully.

"It's no use," said he who arrived first. "When a man goes into an air-hole on a night

like this, with a swift-running stream to wash him down, it's no use."

There had been no chance before to hear from Jasper the first particulars of the accident; he was asked for them now.

"I don't rightly know how it happened," he spoke, still as if dazed, pressing his hand to his forehead. "We were to skate to the elm that bends over the river, you know. I was quite sure there were no air-holes this side of the tree. He got ahead of me, considerable, after we passed here, and was out of my sight a minute around that bend, you know; where the willows grow so thick, and when I came round after him he was nowhere in sight. I thought it strange. Just then I heard a sort of muffled cry. I dashed forward, and nearly went into the hole myself. When I saw it, I thought, all in a flash, what must have happened, and I flung myself down, and crawled as near to it as I could. I saw I could do no good that way, and I made a dash for a rail from Squire Peters' fence, and I got it across the hole, and supported myself by it, but the stream must have swept him down. So I skated ahead, with my rail, to the next air-hole, but could see or hear nothing; there was nothing to do but give him up."

The awe-stricken group that listened was formed about Ruth. She heard every word that Jasper spoke, but he did not look at her.

There was nothing for the girls to do but go home. The most of the men were going down to the dam to see if they could find anything of the body there—though it was not probable.

David went off with these; Ruth still sat on her icy seat. The most of the girls had gone off homeward. Jasper, after a long hesitation, advanced and offered his arm to the stricken girl.

"You are not fit to go home alone," he said; "let me take you."

She sprang to her feet; her face was white, but her eyes flashed up into his bending face one terrible look of accusation.

"Never speak to me again, Jasper Judson! You could have saved him if you would, I do believe. And you knew of that air-hole this side the elm—it has been there all winter. You are as good as a murderer. I don't know what other folks will call you, but I call you a murderer!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 367.)

## UNCLE REMUS' REVIVAL HYMN.

Oh, whar shall we go w'en the great day comes, Wid de blowin' uv de trumpets an' de bangin' uv de drums?

How many no sinners 'll be cotechod out late, An' fine no latch to de goldin gate?

No use fer ter wait twell to-morrer! De sun mustn't set on yo' sinner.

Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo brier— Oh, Lord! fete de mo' mers up higher!

W'en de nashuns uv de earf is a-stan'n' all aroun'

Who's ez gwine ter be choosen fer to war de glory crown?

Who's a-gwine fer ter stan' stiff-kneed an' bol' An' answer to dere name at de callin' uv de roll?

You better come now ef you comin', Ole Satan is loose an' a-bummin'.

De wheels uv districhushun is a-hummin'— Oh, come along, sinner, ef you comin'.

De song uv salvation is a mighty sweet song, An' de paradise win' blow fur an' blow strong;

An' Aherbam's buzzum is saf an' it's wide, An' dat's de place whar de sinners oughter hide!

No use fer ter be stoppin' an' a-lookin', Ef you fool wid Satan you'll git took in;

You'll hang on de edge an' git shook in, Ef you keep on a-stoppin' an' a-lookin'.

De time is right now, an' dis here's de place— Let de sinner sin an' shine squar' in yo' face.

Fight de battles uv de Lord, fight soon an' fight late, An' you'll allers fine a latch on de goldin gate.

No use fer ter wait twell to-morrer! De sun mustn't set on yo' sinner.

Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo brier— Ax de Lord fer ter fetch you up higher.

## Silver Sam;

### The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

## CHAPTER XX.

### AN ADVANCE IN FORCE.

JUST one look Montana took at the superb figure of the girl, which was proudly arrayed in a walking-suit of dark cloth, profusely trimmed, and cut in the latest fashion; the heavy masses of her rich, yellow-tinted hair were carefully arranged, braided and coiled, in the newest style of the hair-dresser's art, and the magnificent triumph of millinery skill which sat so coquettishly upon her well-shaped head was not to be excelled even in the New York shops, for imported from la belle Paris it had been by Miss Dianora on the occasion of her last visit to foreign shores. Costly diamonds, each one worth the year's toil of a hard-working mechanic, sparkled in her ears and at her collar, and the brisk walk under the clear sky and in the gentle breeze, fresh from the mountains, freighted with the balsamic odors of the giant pines, lords of the free hills, had given to the complexion of the girl a freshness and a rosy bloom not often seen on the cheeks of fashion's queen. If she had studied intently to appear to the best advantage possible she could not have arrayed herself better. Just one look Montana took, and then he wheeled abruptly around.

"Confound these women!" he exclaimed. "You can attend to this one, Hallowell; one is enough for me!" and then he strode into the house, evidently out of temper, closing the door behind him.

"That poor cuss has suffered awfully at the hands of some she-critter, I guess!" the big miner decided, rather astonished at the sudden retreat of his partner and amazed at the temper he had displayed.

And then Hallowell turned his attention to the stranger approaching.

The miner had never seen Miss Campbell before, but he had heard of the arrival of the Eastern woman, radiant in "store-clothes," and at the first glance he guessed that this gorgeous creature, approaching in such style, was the daughter of the Honorable Mortimer Campbell, the man so anxious to buy the Little Montana mine.

"Mebbe he's sent this heifer up here to try and negotiate for the property, he's so 'tarnal anxious," Hallowell muttered to himself. "I wish to thunder that Montana had stayed to talk to her. I ain't worth a cent where these females are concerned. Jerusalem! ain't she a stunner. Mercedes is a pretty little gal, but this woman is jest a glorious creature!" Dianora came within a few yards of the miner and then inclined her head as politely as though she was accosting an emperor.

Hallowell acknowledged the salutation considerably flustered.

"Good-day," she said, her voice as rich and musical as her form was fair and graceful.

"Good-day, marm," Hallowell replied, profoundly impressed with the style and beauty of the dashing Miss Campbell.

"Is this the Little Montana mine?" she questioned, smiling pleasantly, disclosing her perfect white teeth, guarded by such lips of cherry ripeness that the soul of an anchorite, sworn to forswear forever the joys of woman-kind, might be tempted to break his oath just for a single moment to taste the dewy sweetness of those superb lips, and she looking the miner full in the face with her glorious eyes of blue, so full—eyes that seemed formed only to melt with love's tenderness.

Was it a wonder that this superb girl, rich in all the charms of womanhood, should dazzle the eyes of the simple, honest-hearted miner?

Wily men of the world, old in years and experience, statesmen, judges, lawyers, editors, the rulers of the land, had been led, willfully captives, by this siren's smiles, and therefore it was not strange that the big-hearted miner, simple and honest in his nature as a child, should be completely taken prisoner by this Eastern queen of fashion.

"Yes, marm, this is the Little Montana," Hallowell replied, twitching his hat awkwardly in his hand, and mentally wishing that he had on his best suit of clothes and a "billed shirt" instead of the rough garb he wore.

"And you are one of the owners of the mine?"

"Yes, marm."

"Mr. Jones?"

"No, marm, my name is Hallowell—Elijah Hallowell, from the State of Maine, marm; I'm his partner."

"And that young lady whom I met just now as I came up the valley is your wife, I presume?"

Hallowell blushed clear up to the roots of his hair and away down the back of his brawny neck at the very idea—the idea so sweetly and pleasantly advanced.

"Oh, no," he exclaimed, "that was Miss Mercedes Kirkley. She keeps a store in the village."

"Oh, I am too fast then in my guessing," she replied, laughing; "but, probably, if I were to ask the same question six months or a year later I should not be so far from the mark."

Hallowell laughed, good-naturedly.

"Well, marm, I reckon that six months or a year won't make much difference in regard to that young lady and myself. I guess we won't never be any nearer to each other than we are now."

"Perhaps Mr. Jones is to be the happy man, then?" Dianora suggested, with a most charming smile.

The big miner smiled in return.

"Well, marm, I won't say yes or no as to that, but it ain't me that she comes arter, I know that for sure!"



"That's more than he is, marm," Hallowell observed, in his blunt way; "for he's as quiet and sober as a judge."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, fact! So, marm, don't you be disappointed if he don't talk much. Fact is I do jawing enough for the hull firm."

"I'm afraid that you wrong him and slander yourself!" Miss Campbell exclaimed, with a laugh, and looking the miner straight in the face with her beaming blue eyes.

As blunt and outspoken, Hallowell said afterward, in describing the interview, he had never felt so strong an inclination to hug a woman before in all his life.

Miss Dianora Campbell had taken Elijah Hallowell for all he was worth.

"I'll—I'll fotch him out, Miss—marm!" the miner exclaimed, in evident confusion, and then he retreated in hot haste to the shanty planted against the side of the gully.

Dianora watched him with her great eyes, and a little smile of contempt curled her handsome lips.

"What fools these men are!" she muttered, from between her white teeth which were as regular and perfect in their set as ever Dame Nature placed within the mouth of a mortal. "I can twist this fellow around my finger just as I please—the great, overgrown boy. I have snared him, but the other, ah! who knows?"

And after the utterance of this phrase, borrowed from our sister tongue of Mexico, Miss Campbell sat down upon a small bowlder which rested in a bed of white sand.

Her sun-umbrella she carried in her hand, the silken folds closed, and with the sharp point she began idly tracing lines in the smooth surface of the sand. Evidently she was in deep thought.

She had watched the door of the humble shanty close behind the stalwart figure of the miner, and she expected each instant to see it reopen and expose to sight the person of the man she sought.

The seconds lengthened into minutes and yet he came not.

"If he don't come to me, I'll go to him!" she muttered, and just at that moment Dianora did not wear that lovely expression which had so fascinated the tall son of the State of Maine.

And then the lines in the sand took shape and resolved themselves into letters—the letters into words.

And the words a name.

Mercedes Kirkley she wrote in the sand, and then on the end of the name she affixed, as if in mockery, the title, Mrs. Montana!

Smilingly—but with something cruel and heartless in her smile—she contemplated her work.

"Mercedes Kirkley, Mrs. Montana!" she murmured. "Oh, no! not while I live!" she cried, fiercely; and as she spoke she jabbed the point of the umbrella handle along the name, ruthlessly destroying what she had written so fairly in a bold, round hand.

"Oh, no, never while I live!" she repeated. "He may not be for me, but I will never tamely submit to see him the prize of any other woman! And this little doll-faced shop-girl, with her mincing step and her prim dress, to dare to think of rivaling me—I who have reigned as a queen in Washington, and have held my own against all the belles of the East at the fashionable watering-places! I might have taken my pick out of a dozen—statesmen, railway kings, giants of the stock exchange, successful politicians of every grade, but for his sake and the memory of the old, happy days, long before I knew how bad this world really was, I have kept my faith—or at least kept my hand free. I will be honest with myself and not deny that I have allowed myself to love since then, but not as I loved him, and he has probably utterly forgotten me, but I'll make him remember though, or I am not the girl I think I am!" and Dianora smiled proudly as she gave utterance to her boast.

While the beautiful girl was indulging in these reflections quite a conversation had taken place within the shanty between the two partners.

Hallowell had rushed into the house, almost breathless in his haste.

He found Montana sitting upon an old cracker box gazing in a particularly gloomy manner up at the ceiling where the stove-pipe projected through the roof.

"By gol!" Hallowell exclaimed, excitedly, "she's a stunner!"

Montana made no reply; in fact, took no notice of the speech at all, still intently engaged in staring at the roof.

The persistent gaze attracted Hallowell's attention, and he looked up at the roof in order to see what it was that Montana surveyed so earnestly.

"What's the matter? What's broke up there?"

"Nothing that I know of," Montana replied, placidly.

"But what are you looking at?"

"Nothing in particular."

"Why in thunder don't you pay attention then to a feller when he's a-talking to you?"

"I did pay attention," Montana said, quietly. "I heard what you said, but as I am not interested in stutters of any description, living, I did not feel called upon to make any reply."

"Well, now, I tell you, old man, she is jest—jest!" and Hallowell paused for want of a word.

"Colossal," suggested Montana, mildly.

"That's jest it, by gol!" exclaimed the big miner, in a state of high admiration. "Talk about that old heathen Venus; why, this splendid critter of a heifer could knock spots out of her!"

"Hallowell, my friend, you've got it bad!" Montana observed, in his quiet way.

"Well, I'll own up that the gal has rather taken me into camp," Hallowell admitted, with a grin upon his good-natured features. "That little gal, Mercedes, is right nice, as a Southern feller would say, but this gal—why, she jest knocks the socks off of any gal I ever did see."

"Well, go for her—win her—wed her—be happy—you have my consent—bless you, my children!" Montana ejaculated, with a sober face.

"Oh, git out with your fooling!" Hallowell cried. "Do you s'pose she'd look at a poor galoot like me, and they say her father, old Campbell, is jest rolling in wealth."

"I've seen the moon shine brighter on a puddle than on the ocean—" Montana began, but Hallowell unceremoniously interrupted him.

"Oh, quit!" he cried; "by gol! I ain't a-going to be called a puddle by anybody. This Miss Campbell—"

"Oh, then it is Miss Campbell?"

"Of course."

"I thought that I recognized her."

"Oh, you know her then?"

"No."

"Seen her up-town, mebbe?"

"No."

"How in thunder did you know it was Miss Campbell, then?"

"Guessed that it was the lady by her dress," Montana exclaimed. "I heard that the honorable member from Tadpole Hollow had his daughter with him, and that she sported a whole dry-goods store on her person, to say nothing of a jewelry shop, and of course after that description it was as easy as rolling off a log to recognize her when she came up the valley."

"Well, old man, you're in luck! she wants to make your acquaintance."

Montana made a wry face.

"The deuce she does! Does she know that I am here?"

## CHAPTER XXII.

## FACE TO FACE.

KNOW that you air here!" repeated Hallowell; "well, yes, I reckon that she does."

Montana fully looked the disgust he felt.

"What in thunder did you want to let her know for?"

"How could I help it when she axed me plump?"

"Why didn't you tell her that I had gone to China?"

"Too thin!" exclaimed the big miner.

"How so?"

"She see'd you go into the house! Oh! she's lightning, she is! Say, partner, she's the finest woman that I ever set eyes on a-walking on top of this here airth!" The giant was enthusiastic.

"Do you think so?" quoth Montana, dryly.

"I believe yer! Why, Montana, she's a reg'lar first-class angel!"

"Devil, more likely," answered Montana, bitterly.

Hallowell looked astonished.

"What on airth put that idee into your head?" he asked. "Why, she's as pretty as a picture."

"Handsome is as handsome does!"

Hallowell was amazed; never before since he had known his partner had he heard him speak so bitterly, and as the brilliant Miss Campbell had made such a favorable impression upon him he could not understand why Montana was not likewise captivated.

"Oh, you ought to jes' talk to her for awhile, that's all; she's a reg'lar born lady."

"Yes, a regular princess, eh?"

Montana was sarcastic, but Hallowell did not perceive it.

"Oh, yes, jes' as easy and graceful! I tell yer, Montana, Mercedes is pretty fair shakes of a girl but she ain't a circumstance to this one!" and the big miner's honest admiration was expressed in looks as well as words.

"Well, she's taken you for all you are worth, that's plain," Montana observed.

"Oh, get out!"

"It's a fact!"

Hallowell was blushing like a girl under Montana's keen gaze and was decidedly uneasy although he attempted to laugh the matter off.

"Humbug! Can't a man look at a gal without having such a thing seed of him? But come; she wants to see you."

"What does she want of me?"

"Why, kinder curious to make your acquaintance, I s'pose; leastways, she seed something like that."

"She recognized me, then, when I entered the house?"

"Oh, yes; she axed right out plump if you warn't Mister Montana. If it hadn't a bin for that I might have tried to put the critter off, 'cos I kinder suspected that you wasn't anxious to talk with her when you dusted into the shanty so lively; but, I tell yer, Montana, you'd 'a' missed it, for she's a reg'lar screamer. Durn my old boots! if she ain't jes' a leetle ahead of any she-critter that I ever happened to run across. She's jes' as keen as a razor!"

"Old fellow, is she keen enough to cut between us—to sever our friendship?" asked Montana, in his peculiar, odd, abrupt way.

"What an idea!" Hallowell cried, surprised at the thought. "What on airth put that into your noodle?"

Montana merely shook his head as if in doubt; gazed earnestly into the honest face of the tall son of the old State of Maine, but made no reply in words.

"I kinder reckon that you air trying to poke fun at me, ain't you?" Hallowell exclaimed, good-naturedly. "I'll own up that I'm a leetle sweet on this here splendid critter; but, thunder! if a man can't s'lop over once in a while 'bout a woman, what on airth is he fit for?"

Montana merely smiled at this burst of confidence, and that was all.

"Well, you'll come out and see her, won't you?" Hallowell questioned.

"I suppose I shall have to," was Montana's evidently unwilling admission.

"Yes, I s'pose so, too; she knows you're here. Come out and talk to her. I tell you what, partner, the sight of that gal is good for sore eyes!"

"Go ahead; it's no use trying to run away from our fate," and Montana put on a stern look.

Hallowell stared at the speech, but forbore to comment upon it, and the two emerged into the air.

Miss Campbell was seated upon a bowlder, busily engaged in tracing curious figures in the sand at her feet with the point of her parasol handle, and was apparently unconscious of the approach of the two miners.

"Gosh-all-firelook!" cried Hallowell, in the ear of Montana, as they came down the slope, "did you ever see a prettier woman than she is since the day you war knee-high to a grass-hopper?"

"Did you ever see a rattlesnake winding in the grass of a sunny glade, every scale glistening in the warm light, every movement a curve of beauty?" Montana returned.

Hallowell stared; odd as were his partner's moods he had never known him to talk so strangely before.

And Dianora Campbell was a beauty indeed, as she sat so picturesquely poised upon the bowlder. Few men in this world with souls so caloused by Old Father Time's searing hand as to be able to gaze without admiration upon the ripe charms of Dianora's glorious womanhood.

But, upon Montana's white and marble-like face no trace of appreciation could be discerned; he gazed upon the beautiful girl, so rich in her fresh young beauty, as coolly as though she was but a piece of solid stone carved to the human form instead of being so rich in wealth of charms.

Attracted by the sound of the footsteps approaching the girl raised her head, a bright, beaming smile upon her beautiful features.

One used to Dianora and her ways would have said that she was doing her best to be fascinating.

"This is my partner, Miss Campbell," said Hallowell, introducing Montana with his best bow.

"Mr. Jones?" questioned Dianora, rising, with a charming smile and acknowledging the introduction.

Montana bowed, coldly and placidly.

"Yes, marm, Mr. Jones; though I guess he's much better known by the name of Montana round these here parts."

"I think that I have had the pleasure of meeting you before, Mr. Jones," Dianora said, in her sweetest tones.

Montana looked surprised and shook his head slowly.

"No, I do not remember me then?"

"No, Miss."

"And yet I am sure that we have met before," she persisted.

"I reckon not, Miss," Montana rejoined, coldly and calmly, while Hallowell looked on somewhat astonished at the conversation.

And then Dianora turned her bright eyes suddenly on the big miner.

"Mr. Hallowell," she said, "I trust that you will excuse me if I request the favor of a private interview with Mr. Jones?"

The charming smile which accompanied the words was altogether too much for the captivated Hallowell, and he really reddened with delight at being able to oblige the beautiful woman in this trifling way.

"Oh, certainly, marm; I've got a leetle business down the gulch and I kin attend to it now as well as any other time."

Miss Campbell bowed and smiled, and the honest-hearted miner hurried away, overjoyed at being able to render a service worth a "thank you," and yet a little annoyed that she should wish a private interview with Montana rather than with himself.

"Mebbe she thinks that she kin talk my part out of his idee of holding on to the mine," he muttered to himself, as he walked down the gulch; "and I reckon that she will twist him out of it, if anybody kin, but he's a dreadful feller about getting set, and when he is, he's set for good."

The tall form of the miner disappeared around the bend in the gulch.

Dianora Campbell looked to the north and then to the south.

No human bird nor beast, in sight except the man and woman by the gulch claim.

"And now, once again," cried Dianora Campbell, "Mr. William Jones—Montana—or whatever else you may be pleased to call yourself, we are face to face!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 362.)

## A WOMAN'S GIFT.

BY MARY REED.

You tell me that you love me now,  
In tones so soft and sweet,  
And you ask me if I'll wed thee,  
And loving vows repeat.

You offer me an honored name;  
A palace home is thine;  
Whilst I am but an humble maid—  
An orphan's lot is mine.

But, you tell me I am lovely,  
And you care naught for this;  
Why you whisper fondest praises,  
And sign them with a kiss.

I do not love you for your wealth,  
Nor yet for your worldly fame;  
I love you for your upright heart—  
Your fair, unblemished name.

But, when long years have passed away,  
And furrows mark my brow,  
Will you still speak in gentle tones,  
And love me then, as now?

And oh! when cares and trials come,  
And winds blow rough and cold,  
Will you help smooth these cares away?  
Will you love me when I'm old?

I cannot bring you worldly wealth,  
No palace home nor land;  
But I have for thee a richer gift—  
A woman's heart and hand.

## A Night of Terror.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

"HELP! HELP!"

Weird and wailingly sounded the terrified appeal, borne upon the whistling wind through the heavily falling rain. Over the level, sodden marsh until the despairing cry was swallowed up by the growing storm. Over the rugged, rock-strewn ascent until, repelled by the frowning cliff above, the agonized shriek, weirdly distorted by the whirling, tossing tempest, came back to the ears of the one whose lips gave it utterance as though mocking her dire extremity.

Again the shriek was whirled by the fierce wind across the low bottom-land through which was doggedly plodding a dripping horse, whose head, like that of its rider, was bent low against the pelting rain and the cold, biting wind; nor did the appealing cry pass unheeded. The horse abruptly halted, and both heads were uplifted in eager listening. Their pause was not of long duration. Once more the terror-stricken voice rung out, this time with unmistakable distinctness.

"A woman—in trouble!" cried the traveler, striking his armed heels into the horse's flanks.

Sinking deep into the spongy, porous soil, now little better than a bog, the willing animal plunged along the flooded road, pausing only when its fore-feet touched the edge of the turbid, swollen stream that flowed along the base of the rocky precipice beyond.

The horseman peered eagerly through the pelting, blinding storm, protecting his eyes with one hand. He could see nothing but the whirling water, coffee-colored, streaked here and there with foam, dotted with drift-wood, with sodden logs, with trees the leafy tops and bristling roots of which told how lately they had been undermined by the treacherous flood. And as he gazed, breathlessly, a choking, strangling cry guided his eyes.

Near the center of the stream stood a single, sturdy pile, sole remnant of the bridge for which the traveler had been heading. Pressed close to this he now saw a white, terrified face—the face of a fair young girl, whose arms were clasped around the slippery post with a grip of despair, as she cried:

"Save me—for the love of God!"

The traveler uttered an encouraging shout. Bending over he cut the martingales, then hastily knotted the reins loosely upon the horse's neck. He cast a hasty glance up the river, and saw that the coast was comparatively clear. Then he cried, aloud:

"I will come for you. When I shout now turn around the post and trust all to me."

A faint cry came back in token that he was understood, and, fearing to wait longer, he made the truly desperate venture.

Though snorting and trembling with fear, the good horse was too well trained to disobey its master, and, at the encouraging cry, he plunged forward, floundering through the treacherous mud of the overflowed bank.

Twice it seemed as though he would stall, but then the edge of the customary bank gave way beneath him, and they were plunged headlong into the swiftly-whirling waters.

A low cry of despair broke from the girl's lips as her last hope seemed to vanish, but then she saw the horse and its rider reappear, head toward her, and gallantly breast the powerful current to regain the advantage lost by that unfortunate plunge. It was indeed a hard task, but the good horse proved equal to it, aided by the steady hand and encouraging voice of its master.

At last—it seemed an age—the pile was neared, and the young man shouted aloud the signal. With a blind faith, the maiden allowed the current to sweep her around the post, and in an instant was torn from her hold by the hungry waters. But a strong hand closed upon her arm and held her head above the surface; then—

A sharp cry broke from his lips as he again lifted his eyes. A huge dead-wood tree, with wide-spread branches, was bearing swiftly down upon them—was within its own length before discovery, even less than the distance to the nearest shore. But one minute—one half-minute later—and the good horse would have borne them to safety. Gallantly he struggled—but in vain. Still swifter came the drift—almost grazing them as it swept along. Then, with an almost human cry, the horse whirled swiftly around and sunk beneath the turbid waters. A sunken limb had struck his legs from under him.

Wisely the traveler had freed his feet from the stirrups, and though the struggles of his horse carried him under, he did not lose his grasp upon the girl's arm, and quickly fought his way to the surface. Tossing the dripping hair from his eyes, he took in the situation at a glance.

The furious current had swept them past the one practicable landing-place upon the nearest, or southern side of the stream. The northern bank no human being could have gained, at that point. By an abrupt bend in the river, the current swept across to the southern shore, beating fiercely against the rocky wall.

There was little time for thought. The man had just long enough to realize their peril, to change his position so that he might save the girl from the shock at his own expense, when the tumbling waters hurled them violently against the rock wall. Just how it was accomplished, the young man could never tell, but a few seconds later the young couple were crouching upon a narrow ledge of rock, almost blinded by the spray that dashed over them, only saved from being torn from their precarious foothold by the fierce wind that fairly pinned them to the wall.

The twilight was fast waning, but it lasted long enough for the young man to assure himself that there was no method of escape from the ledge save by plunging into the angry flood at their feet.

"Courage!" he said, pressing the little hand that clung to his arm. "At least our lives are saved."

"If the storm would only break! but if it keeps on, the river will rise and wash us away!"

"We must hope for the best. It cannot rise much higher, for it is already beginning to overflow the other bank."

He could say no more. With renewed violence the wind dashed fiercely upon them, crushing them against the rock with a force that took their breath away. Then came a sudden, whirling eddy that relieved the crushing pressure and caused them to totter upon the slippery ledge. For one horrible moment it seemed as though they must fall again into the merciless waves, to meet their death; but only for an instant. A second sharp gust forced them back once more against the wall.

"Better the spray than the flood," shouted the man, with a half-reckless laugh, as he crouched low down and drew the girl beside him. "Lucky we can't get any wetter; and it's safer this way."

The girl made no resistance as his arm was gently wound around her waist, drawing her close to his side. A warm glow filled the young man's heart as he saw how trustingly she nestled beside him, her chill hands clasping his arm, one cheek pressed against his dripping coat. He looked down upon her face, and saw that it was very fair—despite the lines of terror left by her fierce struggle for life with the mad waters. He felt her shiver as the fierce blast struck them, and when there came another lull, he gently removed her hands and took off his heavy coat, wrapping it tightly around her, despite her objections.

"If you refuse, I'll throw it into the river," he said, in a voice that told his earnestness, and she no longer refused, but pressed the closer to him that he might share the covering.

The night had fallen now, and the darkness became intense, unrelieved even by a passing gleam of lightning. The fury of the storm seemed to augment rather than decrease, and despite his confidently expressed belief, the traveler felt that the rising waters would soon sweep them from the ledge—to death inevitable. He knew that the water was drawing nearer them, for now the waves beat incessantly against their feet, more than once fairly covering their heads, and only by clinging desperately to the ragged points of rock could they retain their position until, during a brief lull, he drove his stout knife deep into a crevice in the wall. To this he fastened his belt, passing one arm through the loop, holding his companion closely with the other.

And thus that terrible night was passed—a night that will long be remembered by hundreds of the inhabitants of the Vermilion valley besides the two with whom this sketch deals. All night the furious storm raged. The river overran its banks, and when daylight came and the storm gradually died away, the entire valley was flooded from hill to hill.

But the first dim rays of the sun found the young couple alive, though pale and haggard from their long fight with death. Ah! that was a blessed moment of joy—for they saw that the flood was beginning to subside, that the lipping waters barely reached the level of the ledge.

As the hours rolled on, they exchanged confidences, and during their enforced waiting, became more thoroughly acquainted than if they had passed an ordinary year together.

Her story was simple. Her name was Laura Weston. She had been spending a week at a friend's, but growing homesick, started off alone for home, knowing that if she spoke of her intention she would not be permitted to start out in the face of the gathering storm. Reaching the river, she found that the old bridge had been swept away, but determined to cross upon the pile of driftwood that had gathered against the remaining piles. When half-over, a heavy log came down and striking one loosened pile, set the entire drift free. She was plunged into the water, and swept against a lower pile, the force of the water upon her back enabling her to keep her position until she was rescued as detailed.

He, Edward Thompson, was spending his

holiday in riding lazily through Kansas and the Indian Nation, and was hastening for F., when the storm overtook him.

It was late that afternoon when they were rescued by a party who were searching for stock that had been swept away, and half an hour later they were safe at Mr. Weston's.

The young man had no cause to complain of his reception at the hands of Laura's parents. Indeed he was so much pleased with it, that he made more than one trip to F., just to—well, the last time he went, I know that he took with him a very pretty ring, and they do say that a short time after Ed was seen in Marysville—and they do say that he left that lively town with a marriage license in his pocket.

## Giants.

THE Bible mentions several races of giants, as the Rephaims, the Anakims, the Emims, the Zononims and others. Profane historians also mention giants; they gave seven feet to Hercules, their first hero, and in our days we have seen men eight feet high. The giant who was shown in Rouen, in 1735, measured eight feet some inches. The emperor Maximian was of that size; Shenkius and Platerus, physicians of the last century, saw several of that stature; and Goropius saw a girl who was ten feet high.

The body of Orestes, according to the Greeks, was eleven feet and a half; the giant Galbana, brought from Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Cesar, was near ten feet; and the bones of Secundilla and Puffo, keepers of the gardens of Sallust, were but six inches shorter.

Fumam, a Scotchman, who lived in the time of Eugene the Second, King of Scotland, measured eleven feet and a half; and Jacob le Maire, in his voyage to the Straits of Magellan, reports that on the 17th of December, 1615, they found at Port Desire several graves covered with stones, and having the curiosity to remove the stones, they discovered human skeletons of ten and eleven feet long.

The Chevalier Scory, in his voyage to the Peak of Teneriffe, says that they found, in one of the sepulchral caverns of that mountain, the head of a Ganche, which







## BARNEY'S WOOLING.

BY ANDREW RYAN.

Arrah! Kitty, be aisy!  
Sure yer drivin' me crazy  
Wid those dimples, and smiles, and those  
bright eyes so blue;  
Now me state is alarmin'.  
But, thin, faith it's so charm'n'  
That I court the disase, Miss, in comin' to  
you!

Whist, now! Sister Mavourneen!  
At the ind av the boreen  
There's a nate little cabin, all painted so  
white,  
But it's within, sure, it lacks  
What I am about now to ax,  
For to make the inside av it happy and  
bright.

And now, Kitty, what's missin'  
Is lips to be kissin'!  
Is light feet to go patherin' over the hearth—  
Is a form nate and pritty,  
(Pay attention, Miss Kitty!)  
And a voice that will always be ringin' wid  
mirth.

So, yer surprised very much  
That I don't bid any such!  
Ye sly little witch, sure ye know well me  
manin',  
Ah, now ye rogue, don't ye pout!  
I know well what yer about,  
That's always yer way whin yer up to some  
schamin'!

Now the girl that I'm after,  
Sure is chokin' wid laughter  
This mornin', but show it! No, no! That  
wouldn't do!  
Wid her coakin' and tazin',  
She has set me heart laz'in',  
And that same cruel bein', Miss Kitty, is  
you!

What's that now? Yer refuse me!  
Because I so abuse ye,  
Ye will never look at me ag'in, do I hear?  
Troth, I do, and I'm roin'  
Where the swift tide is flowin'  
And hide all me troubles. So good-by, Kitty  
dear!

There! already ye've broken  
The promise ye've just giv'n—  
Ye've look'd at me, Kitty! Break the rist  
now, as well!  
If ye don't, the powers,  
In sunshine or in showers,  
Me poor ghost will forever yer cruelty tell!  
Yis! I'm sure, little beauty,  
Ye think it yer duty  
To save any poor mortal from death and de-  
spair.  
(But to show that I know her,  
Let me add something lower:  
That I think, faith, her duty is aisy to bear!)

## Great Captains.

## BRUCE.

## THE DELIVERER OF SCOTLAND.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

If in Wallace liberty found her most de-  
voted champion, in Robert Bruce she had a  
worthy successor to the murdered knight, whose  
mutilated limbs, lung high in Scottish towns,  
were the bloody emblems that recalled the Scots  
to arms and made Bruce's advancement possi-  
ble.

Robert Bruce was grandson of the Robert  
Bruce who, as descendant of King David, strove  
to succeed Alexander III. to the throne of  
Scotland. As already narrated in the sketch  
of Wallace, King Edward of England was  
made to arbitrate between the claims of John  
Baliol, Robert Bruce, John de Hastings and  
John Comyn, (Comyn). Edward arbitrated  
by favoring Baliol and holding him prisoner in  
London while the English overran Scotland  
and finally conquered it. In the discussion  
which arose among the Scottish nobles and  
magnates, Bruce the elder opposed rebellion,  
and took service, with his retainers, under Ed-  
ward—thus being opposed to Wallace; and  
legend relates that, after the defeat of the  
patriots at Falkirk and their dispersion, Bruce  
and Wallace held an interview across the river  
Carron, in which the latter so upbraided the  
former and so filled him with remorse, that  
Bruce promised thenceforward to be true to  
Scotland and liberty. But, whatever the  
cause, it is certain that the Bruses, at immense  
sacrifice, threw all their influence and power  
thereafter into the cause of freeing Scotland  
from the English yoke; and when Edward ad-  
ministered the blow to the "rebellion" which  
placed Scotland once more at his feet, he re-  
turned to London. (A. D. 1305.) With John  
Comyn and Robert Bruce the younger in his  
train as prisoners and dependants on his mercy,  
while Wallace was being hunted down and  
betrayed. Comyn, soon released, returned to  
Scotland, but Bruce was forbidden to leave  
London.

The conqueror's victory was short lived.  
Bruce, (born March 21st, 1274), now in the  
prime of life and of matured character, already  
had plotted with Comyn. By agreement the  
latter was to accept all of Bruce's estates, and  
for them to resign all claims to the throne, as  
well as to support him in his efforts to attain  
the crown and throw off the English yoke.  
But with perfidious treachery, Comyn betrayed  
to Edward, by a secret agent, the designs for a  
new rebellion; and the English monarch then  
resolved to murder the whole Bruce family.  
Drinking deeply one night, Edward informed  
some of his lords that he proposed to put  
Bruce to death on the morrow. Immediately  
the Earl of Gloucester conveyed the announce-  
ment to Bruce by a present of twelve pence  
and a pair of spurs, an understood signal,  
which the Scotch noble acted upon to ride for  
life for Scotland. Taking his horse to the far-  
rier, he had the shoes on the hoofs reversed, as  
a slight fall of snow would make it easy to  
track him; this ruse so misled his pursuers  
that he succeeded in obtaining such advantage  
at the start as to assure his safety. Then with  
his secretary and groom he rode a hard race  
for the North, and on the seventh day after  
leaving London arrived at Lochmaben Castle  
and thence proceeded to Dumfries, where he  
assembled the leading nobles and declared his  
purpose to assume the crown and strike again  
for Scotland's liberty. Comyn was present  
and opposed the scheme but the barons ap-  
proved and the assembly broke up, leaving  
Bruce and Comyn in conference. The rivals  
had high words as they wandered through the  
cloisters of the Abbey, where the conference  
had been held, and in the altercation Bruce ran  
his would-be betrayer through the body with  
his sword.

This assassination excited intense com-  
motion. Comyn's friends were openly hostile to  
Bruce; some of the barons preferred submis-  
sion to Edward to war, and Bruce's friends,  
seeing the necessity for prompt action, had him  
crowned at Scone, March 25th, 1306—the wife of  
Macduff, Earl of Fife, placing the crown on  
his head.

Then followed war. Edward sent an army  
under Pembroke, immediately into Scotland.  
The first battle was fought at Methven, near  
Perth, and Bruce was utterly defeated. He  
fought with astonishing valor, three horses  
were killed under him and twice he was over-  
powered and seized by the English but as often

was rescued by his valorous attendants. The  
defeat became a rout, and that seemed to end  
the ambitious designs and hopes of the new  
made king. Great numbers of the Scots were  
hung and quartered, while others were sent as  
state prisoners to London. Bruce fled North  
into Argyleshire, and crossed Lochmorn, in a  
crazy boat, to the exiled Earl of Lennox's es-  
tates. The old earl, then first apprised of  
what had happened, embraced the cause of  
Bruce and together they eventually escaped to  
Rachrin, a small island on the Irish coast,  
where his followers, fleeing from Edward's dire  
vengeance, slowly gathered.

Edward in person quickly entered Scotland,  
resolved now to subjugate it, and so to pun-  
ish the rebellious families as to forever end  
all rebellion. He acted with extreme cruelty.  
All who were suspected of complicity with  
Bruce, or who were known to be in sympathy  
with his cause, were executed as soon as taken  
—among the number two of Bruce's brothers,  
and John Wallace, brother of the martyred  
Sir William. Bruce's wife and other noble  
ladies were captured and closely imprisoned in  
various places.

These atrocities fired Bruce and his remain-  
ing devoted followers with fierce resentment.  
A detachment passed over to the isle of Arran  
and captured and slaughtered every man of its  
garrison. Then Bruce followed to Arran and  
Carriek, joined by the hardy Scots in consid-  
erable numbers when his presence was known.  
Sir James Douglas captured his own castle  
from the English, and taking from it all its  
stores, arms and money, put it to the flames.  
Even the severity of winter, (1306-7), did not  
stay the work of vengeance. Bruce's men were  
everywhere on the alert and so gained in  
strength that he defeated two English armies  
during 1307, and thus greatly advanced his  
cause.

Edward, suffering from illness, had been  
compelled to return to London for a season,  
but his power and resolute spirit, incensed at  
the defeat of Pembroke and Ralph de Mon-  
thermer he started again for the North, but  
died (A. D. 1307) near Carlisle. With his last  
breath he ordered that his body should be borne  
with the army into Scotland, never to be buried  
until the country was totally subdued, but his  
son Edward II. had the body sent to London  
while he pressed on into Scotland.

Edward II. was a weak and vacillating prince,  
wholly unlike his more hardened father, whose  
death gave new strength to Bruce. The Eng-  
lish and Scots fought numerous battles and a  
great victory to the latter was won May 22,  
1308—Bruce then being so ill that he had to be  
held on his horse. This only added to the Scots'  
enthusiasm, and Bruce now began to proceed  
against the castles thickly scattered over all  
central and southern Scotland, held by English  
garrisons or by Scotch barons, and who re-  
mained true to Edward's allegiance, and who  
having sworn fealty would not break it, or  
being inimical to Bruce's assumptions, would  
not admit his authority. Indeed, these barons  
were his hardest enemies to conquer, for in  
fighting them he fought his own countrymen.  
But he had no recourse, and struck terrible  
blows wherever an enemy opposed.

It is not possible here to detail the sieges,  
contests, and general battles which filled up all  
the months up to the great struggle at Bannock-  
burn, June 24, 1314. Suffice it that it was  
seven years of the bloodiest warfare, literally  
written over with heroic personal achievements  
and signal events in the history of that exciting  
period. The Pope interfered to effect a peace;  
he threatened, persuaded, excommunicated  
Bruce, who would accept no terms that did not  
acknowledge Scotland's complete independence  
and formally acknowledge England's abjuration  
of all claims to sovereignty.

So the war went on. England was invaded  
again and again in all the northern counties.  
Estates were devastated, towns sacked and  
plundered, contributions levied, and thus the  
beggared and long suffering lords wreaked  
vengeance on a helpless people for the sins of  
their monarch.

These reprisals, carried up to the very gates  
of York, compelled Edward II. to make one  
more herculean effort to crush Bruce, and force  
the Scotch barons to allegiance. So, gathering  
an army, drawn from Wales, Ireland and every  
town in England, the King and his very ablest  
commanders marched into Scotland. Bruce,  
with his superb warrior brother Edward, and  
the invincible Douglas, and a host of tried, true  
hearts, awaited his coming by taking position  
near Stirling Castle, in a field through which  
flowed the little stream of Bannock—the Ban-  
nock-burn, and there fought the battle which  
ended in Edward's total defeat and Scotland's  
disenthralment. It was a battle in which man  
fought with man—Scott against Englishman,  
Welshman, Irishman—horse against horse and  
chief against chief. Bruce the king was every  
inch a king—a fit leader for heroes, and the  
deeds of that day of the sword and his knights will  
forever be glorious in the annals of war.

The disaster was complete. The Welsh and  
Irish, scattered over the country, were butchered  
wherever found. The English took refuge  
among the rocks and hills around Stirling only  
to be taken. Stirling Castle soon yielded with  
all its wealth of stores, arms and royal property.  
The privy-sal of England was there, for Ed-  
ward had counted upon its use. It fell into  
Bruce's hands.

Edward Bruce and the great Douglas at once  
entered England and ravaged the northern  
counties, making all desolate on their path. It  
was a rough age and war meant brutality in  
many shapes. These incursions and ravages  
continued—the English only acting on the de-  
fensive in their fortified towns.

The Irish of Ulster, encouraged by these  
successes of the Scots, now rose in rebellion  
(1315), and invited the valorous Edward Bruce  
to become their king. He assented and passed  
over to Carrickfurgus (May 23, 1315) with 6000  
Scots. It was an ambitious adventure for a  
kingdom. The Irish were an untrained, in-  
tractable race, whose chiefs were insolent and  
capricious, but they were of dauntless courage  
and were inflamed with fierce hatred of their  
English conquerors, who possessed the country  
and held the natives in a condition of serfdom.  
Edward met with stubborn opposition from the  
English lords, and the war was waged with un-  
sparing severity on both sides for three years,  
when Edward was defeated and slain at the  
memorable battle of Dundalk (1318). Robert  
was near at hand with an army for his succor  
but retired on news of the disaster, which ended  
the "Scotch invasion."

Robert's progress in England was stayed by  
the almost impregnable castle of Berwick, but  
this finally succumbed to Scotch valor (March  
28, 1318). Other English strongholds now  
quickly fell into his hands, and the Scots over-  
ran Yorkshire, burning towns, extorting large  
ransoms, plundering and making prisoners al-  
most at will.

The king of England besought the Pope of  
Rome to use his authority over Bruce and  
compel a peace. Bruce was excommunicated,  
but, though he sent messengers to Rome, to  
appease the Pope, he fought the English all the  
same, and Edward had to make another effort

to overcome his enterprising and audacious  
enemy. With a powerful army he marched  
upon Berwick castle and town (Sept., 1318),  
then held by Walter, steward of Scotland, and  
long siege and defense were of relentless sever-  
ity. Walter's intrepidity, and the endurance  
of his small garrison, resisted every device and  
attack; but, seeing that the place must fall un-  
less relieved, Bruce sent Douglas and Randolph,  
with a strong force, down into the country,  
making awful devastation. This incursion so  
alarmed the lords in Edward's army, for the  
safety of their own estates, that they left Ber-  
wick and proceeded against the raiders, thus  
compelling Edward to abandon the siege or run  
the risk of Bruce's own onslaught upon him.

A truce of short duration—then another in-  
vasion (1322), from which the Scots returned  
with "extraordinary booty." Edward retaliated  
by invading Scotland, (August, 1322), and  
penetrated to Edinburgh, but found every means  
of subsistence removed, so that his army suf-  
fered for food and he returned, burning several  
abbeys and slaughtering their monks as his only  
revenge. Douglas pursued and by a very daring  
act came near seizing Edward at Byland  
Abbey. The English monarch barely escaped,  
but left all his baggage and treasure in the  
Scots' hands.

Edward now agreed to a truce of Bruce's  
own dictation, in which the Scot was first re-  
cognized as King of Scotland. This truce was  
to hold until June, 1336.  
Edward, deposed early in the year 1327, was  
succeeded by his son Edward III., a youth of  
fifteen, who continued negotiations for a perma-  
nent peace; but the Scots for several reasons  
broke the truce, and with an army of 20,000  
under Douglas and Randolph, invaded England  
(June, 1327). Edward gathered 30,000 men at  
Durham, in July, but that did not stay the de-  
vastating Scots, who destroyed as they moved.  
Edward sought to interrupt them at the passage  
of the Tyne, on their return, but, after an ex-  
hausting campaign of three weeks, he found  
himself completely outwitted and baffled by  
his audacious foe, who, after having inflicted  
on him two or three humiliating chastisements,  
suddenly retreated and left him helpless to  
pursue.

Edward was finally forced into a peace that  
conceded all the Scots' demands of utter inde-  
pendence, and also stipulated the marriage of  
Edward's sister with Bruce's oldest son; but then in-  
fant son David, and this marriage was celebra-  
ted July 12, 1328.

Bruce survived until June 7, 1329, when he  
died, literally worn out with war. He left  
Scotland a well-ordered kingdom, wholly free  
from foreign supremacy and rapidly recovering  
from the effects of its twenty years' war.

Bruce stands foremost in the history of those  
turbulent times as one of the most renowned  
characters of medieval days. His heart he or-  
dered should be deposited in the Holy Sepulcher  
at Jerusalem, and the knightly Douglas with a  
fine retinue, started to bear it to its destina-  
tion; but, stopping in Spain to fight the Moor,  
he was slain in a bloody encounter on the fron-  
tiers of Andalusia, 1360. In him perished a  
remarkable soldier and one of the most daunt-  
less spirits of the age of chivalry.

## LOVE FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY L. C. WEST.

I never saw a flower, beautiful in bloom,  
In wildwood or florist's garden grown,  
Blushing at morn, or brightest in the evening  
gloom,  
But I would wish to pluck it for my own.

I never saw a maiden, in her beauty sweet,  
In modest girlhood's radiant glory dressed,  
But quickened pulses of my heart with pleasure  
beat,  
And I would wish to fold her to my breast.

I never saw a picture, beautiful and grand,  
A truthful product of Creative Art,  
But to the genius, who wrought thus with mas-  
ter hand,  
Spontaneous gratitude welled from my heart.

I never read a poet's song, of sacred flame,  
"Transcendent" as he best of art did claim,  
But an enraptured soul my passive soul be-  
came,  
And I would wish such gift to sing was mine.

As more I see, and love, in Nature and in Art,  
The beautiful increases a desire,  
That grace rare may spring forth blooming to  
my heart—  
To holiness my being may aspire.

## The Gamin Detective:

OR,

## Willful Will, the Boy Clerk.

## A Story of the Centennial City.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC.

## CHAPTER XIII.

NO ANSWER.

An old, well-dressed and fine-faced gentle-  
man called at Mr. Leonard's store, and stood  
looking irresolutely down the long floor, as if in  
doubt whom to address. A salesman approached,  
supposing him to be a customer.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked.  
"I came to inquire about a boy you have en-  
gaged here. I believe you have a boy?"  
"Yes, sir. I hope there is nothing wrong  
about him? Has he been in mischief?"  
"No, no. Just the contrary. Is he in?"  
"Somewhere. He will be here in a minute."  
"What kind of a boy is he, sir? You ask if  
he had been in mischief. Is he inclined that  
way?"

"I rather think he is," said the salesman,  
smiling. "He is the queerest specimen I ever  
came across. I would as soon try to tame a  
wild-cat as to keep Will out of mischief. There  
he is now. I will send him to you."

Will came readily to the call of the salesman,  
who directed him to his visitor.

"Want to see me?" asked Will, demurely,  
looking curiously at the old man.

"Yes, my lad," was the reply. "You ran  
away so quickly the other day that I had no  
time to thank you for your kindness."

"I twig you now," said Will, vigorously.  
"You're the old chap I picked up from under  
the car-wheels. Glad to see you ag'in, but dun-  
no how the thunder you found me."

"Was not going to lose sight of you. I had  
a boy to follow you."

"You had, hey? Well, that's fun. Wish I  
seen that boy."

"What for?"

"Jist to play Hail Columbia on his hide,  
that's all. Don't low no feller to be spottin' me  
through the streets. Bet he wouldn't eat no  
supper that night if I'd cooched him."

"You are a queer boy. But I am bound to  
reward you for your kindness. You must  
come to my house. I want to have a talk with  
you."

"Ain't got no notion of being talked to death,"  
said Will. "Let's have it here."

"No," said the old gentleman, decidedly. "I  
cannot interfere with Mr. Leonard's business.  
Here is my card. I hope you will call on me  
this evening."

"Don't bother yourself 'bout business. Reck-

on I'm my own boss here. You won't stay?  
Well, I'll tiddle home your way, then. Cur-  
ious to hear what you've got to say."

"What is your name, my lad?"  
"Willful Will is what folks generally call  
me. I s'pose that's name enough. What's  
your'n?"

"My name is John Somers."  
"Hanged if the old chap ain't got the same  
name as I have," said Will to himself. "I best  
keep shady. He'll be wanting to let on to be a  
relation, and I ain't taking on any new relations  
jist now."

"Well, I'll swim round your way some time  
after long," he said, aloud. "Live out Arch  
street, hey? That's grandeur."

"I am wealthy, my lad, and alone in the  
world. I try to do some little good with my  
money. I owe you a debt of gratitude which I  
wish to repay."

"All right. I'm your boss," said Will, ener-  
getically. "Don't want no gratitude, and nothin'  
else I don't earn with my fingers and toes.  
But I'll get round jist to see how you live."

After some few words, more Will's visitor de-  
parted, leaving that young gentleman in a  
whirl of suppressed amusement.

"Well, I'll be fiddled," he said, vigorously  
slapping his knee, "if this ain't the richest go  
yet. The old cove's cracked, that's sure. Did  
he calkulate I was going to leave him laying un-  
der the car-wheels? Strikes me there's some  
sell behind all this. Folks don't put themselves  
in such trouble for nothing. He's an old rogue  
and wants to get something out of me, I'll bet a  
cove. He's heered my name and wants to let on  
to be a relation. Shoudn't wonder if the old  
chap was a burglar. I've seed jist such things  
played at the theater. Anyhow I'll go see him  
and pump him dry. I'll let him see that Will-  
ful Will ain't to be bought with nobody's tin  
figs."

Will went reflectively back to his work.  
At the same hour that Will was holding this  
interview with the grateful old gentleman,  
John Elkton was holding an interview of anoth-  
er character with his betrothed.

He had received a brief note from her that  
morning, vaguely detailing the suspicions in  
regard to her silken bow, and asking him to  
meet her.

The letter had produced a strong effect on his  
mind. He read it again and again, the mystery  
remaining unexplained to him. He could only  
understand that he had been accused of some  
crime.

"What does it mean, Jennie?" he asked.  
"Your note is as mysterious as a Sphinx.  
Have I murdered somebody and forgotten it?"  
"It is in relation to this," she replied, holding  
out the perilous bow. "It is claimed that this  
silk was stolen, and they suspect you of being  
implicated."

"Who claims so? Who suspects me?" he  
cried, hotly.

"Mr. Leonard declares most positively that  
it is a piece of some silk that has just been stolen  
from him."

"What hinders there being plenty such silk  
in the city?"

"There is not. It is a new pattern, just im-  
ported by him, and stolen from the custom house  
by false papers."

"This is a strange story you tell me, Jennie,"  
he said, leaning his head reflectively on his  
hand. "You told Mr. Leonard that I gave you  
the silk?"

"I did not," she broke out, impulsively. "I  
refused to tell him. I suffered torments when I  
heard this terrible story, heard doubts cast on  
you. I acted strangely; refused bitterly to an-  
swer him. I don't know what he thought. He  
did not seem to suspect you."

"Who did, then?" asked her lover, looking  
intently into her eyes.

It was his confidential clerk, Mr. Augustus  
Wilson. I have had a distressing interview with  
him. He accuses you openly of theft, and says  
that he has convincing proofs against you."

"He lies, then," cried John, indignantly.  
"I defy him to his proofs. Did he tell you  
what they were?"

"No. He promised to conceal, or destroy  
them, if I wished."

"Promised! It was only a promise!"  
"A promise with a proviso. I was, if I  
would save you, to break our engagement, to  
accept his love, to promise to be his wife."

"Well, that's cool!" said John, with a long  
breath. "I'm to be thrown overboard it seems.  
And of course you felt great pity and consider-  
ation for me, and wanted to save me, and saw  
no way to do it but by accepting this desirable  
offer!"

His tones were full of bitterness.  
She laid her hand on his lips with a touch  
that was almost a blow. Indignation flamed in-  
to her face.

"You are not serious in that question?" she  
cried. "You cannot think so meanly of me!  
Accept him! I rejected him with the scorn his  
base offer deserved. I told him that Jennie  
Arlington was not for sale, however high the  
price offered."

"That's my own Jennie," he replied, kissing  
her burning lips. "I knew how you would an-  
swer such a suit."

"Yet I did it with a horrible fear at my heart  
—a fear that he had the proofs, that he would  
have you arrested for theft."

"Do I understand that you thought me ca-  
pable of such a crime?"

He drew back from her with a dark look gather-  
ing upon his face.

"No, no! I knew you were innocent, but I  
knew how suspicious circumstances will some-  
times condemn an innocent man. Valueless  
silks have been stolen from Mr. Leonard. You  
have some of them in your possession. You  
will be required to explain how you obtained  
them, and to save yourself by revealing the  
real culprit."

He threw himself in his chair, and leaned his  
head heavily upon his hands. Marks of painful  
reflection passed over his face. She looked  
eagerly but doubtfully into his speaking coun-  
tenance.

"Tell me, John," she said, "where did you  
get the silk? Will you go to you, or how did  
you obtain it? I know you can easily explain  
this, easily clear yourself from this unpleasant  
suspicion."

He remained silent a minute longer, before  
answering her question. The eagerness in her  
face changed to a look of pain greater than  
his.

"I cannot, Jennie," he replied. "It is a se-  
cret which I cannot reveal."

She passed over to him and took his hand in  
hers, looking eagerly into his downcast eyes.

"Not even to me, John?" she asked.

"Not even to you, Jennie," he replied.

She took her seat again, a look of deep distress  
upon her face. Was this his love? This the con-  
fidence with which love should be crowned?

"My secrets are yours," he said, catching at  
the meaning of her action. "This is not my  
secret, and I am not at liberty to reveal it."

"And am I to understand, John Elkton," she  
broke out, "that you are the recipient of a dis-  
graceful secret? Is the you concerned with  
criminals? That you have made me a receiver of  
stolen goods? I repelled the insinuation with  
scorn when made by another. I did not expect  
to have it confirmed by yourself."

"Now, Jennie, you are hot and hasty again,"  
he said, rising, and passing his hand over his  
flushed brow. "You will force me to say what  
I had rather not. I received the silk innocently.  
That is all I can say at present. I hope soon to  
be able to tell you all."

"You tell me much in that," she said, with a  
smile of relief. "You do not know how sick at  
heart I felt when I thought you were accusing  
yourself. I believe you firmly, John. But,  
suppose they accuse you? Such an answer will  
not serve."

"That will get no other. Not yet, at least."  
But we must close this conversation, as it  
ceases here to interest us. Shortly after John  
saw her to the car, on her way home.

"Don't fear that I will be in haste to accept  
Mr. Wilson's offer," she said, as they parted.  
"I have given my heart in another quarter, and  
I never take back gifts."

A warm pressure of her hand, a look of infi-  
nite gratitude in his eyes, was his only answer.  
He had still another interview that afternoon.  
It was after Jennie was well on her way home,  
and he had returned to his office duties, that his  
name was called in the store, and he was in-  
formed that a gentleman had asked to see him.  
He went out. The person who advanced to  
meet him was a stranger: a slender, sharp-eyed  
man.

"Mr. Elkton?" he asked, with a keen look at  
John's face.

"That is my name," was the reply.

"I wish a few words with you," he said, lead-  
ing out of hearing of the salesman.

"I shall be happy to oblige you in any way,"  
said John, "but excuse me for hoping that you  
will be brief, as I am quite busy."

"I will not detain you long," said the other,  
"but will to my business at once. You know a  
lady named Miss Arlington?"

"Yes," replied John, wondering.

"You lately presented her with a small piece  
of silk, of a peculiar pattern?"

"Well, sir, to what do these questions tend?"  
asked John, redlining.

"Only that I would be glad to have you in-  
form me where you got that silk."

"Suppose I decline to inform you?"

"I hope you will not," replied the other, cool-  
ly, "as in that case I shall be obliged to put you  
to personal inconvenience."

"Who are you?" asked John.

"My name is Fidler," replied the other. "I  
am a detective officer. I have to inform you  
that the silk in question was stolen. I hope  
and believe that you can satisfactorily explain  
your possession of it. But I shall require you  
to do so."

"I can, but not at present."

"It must be done at present."

"Must is a strong term, Mr. Fidler. I decline  
to be governed by it."

"Which means that you will not explain.  
Or else that you cannot. Your refusal gives  
me a disagreeable duty, Mr. Elkton."

"Which is?" replied John, coolly.

"To arrest you, on a criminal charge," said  
Mr. Fidler, laying his hand heavily on John's  
shoulder.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## WILL'S REVELATION.

It was Jennie Arlington's first trouble, and it  
was a deep one. She was proud, in her way;  
that rare pride which shrinks from disgrace as  
from a pestilence, yet is conjoined with a ster-  
ling honesty that clings to the right, even through  
disgrace.



jail. Down in Moya. Took up for smuggling out of the Custom House."

Sick at heart on hearing this sudden confirmation of her worst fears, Jennie staggered back to her chair, seating herself heavily, as if a great weight had been laid upon her shoulders. Will looked on in unthought surprise, a faint suspicion struggling through his brain that he had gone too far. The mysteries of the female heart were an unsolved problem to him, and he had not dreamed that he might be touching exposed nerves with his rude remarks. A revulsion came upon him as he saw her sink back, pale and helpless, in her chair.

"Why, Jennie," he cried, with a show of emotion, "hope I haven't hurt your feelings? Didn't calculate that you keered that much for the man. Don't be so worried. Guess he'll come out all right."

"Is it really so?" she asked, in a low, frightened tone. "Is he really in prison?"

"Yes," said Will. "But he won't stay there, so don't you worry. We'll get him out. I'll go bail for him myself. We'll get him out. I'll go bail for him myself."

She smiled sadly at Will's idea of going bail. "Now hold your head up, Jennie," said Will, putting his arm round her with a movement of boyish sympathy. "It's a pity I hadn't better sense; a fellow that's been around like me. But I've been kicked up among boys. Dunno much about gals."

"There, Will, I do not blame you," she said, rising with a proud gesture, as if she had thrown off all weakness. "He is innocent. I know that. It is not possible that innocence can suffer the penalty of guilt."

"I know he is, and I'll clear him. Just leave it to me."

"Why, how will you do that?" she doubtfully asked.

"I think I've got my eye on the chap that's been going' round Mr. Leonard. Got the trap set, but it ain't sprung yet. Think I'll catch an old fox in a tight trap."

"Is that so, Will?" Miss Arlington eagerly asked. "When do you expect?"

"Never mind now," was Will's mysterious answer. "There's more than one in it. Been spotting them for some time. Bet I bring them up with a half-hitch."

"Does Mr. Leonard know of your suspicions?"

"Not he. Nor nobody else 'cept Willful Will. That's not the way I carry on business. When I take a job in hand I don't want no pards. I know they've got a notion that I'm mixed in it myself, and I know who set up that job. If I don't prove him a liar, it's queer."

"You will? They don't suspect you of being leagued with the robbers?"

"Think they do, but they've got the wrong cove by the horns. Don't you worry about John Elkton. There won't be no harm come to him. Didn't know you was so tied up in him or I wouldn't joke about him the way I did."

"Why, Will, you weren't making love in earnest then?" she said, with a look of concern.

"Now you know I wasn't, Jennie; so don't be poking fun at me. When I make love in earnest I'll go a different way about it."

"I would like to be by."

"Hope you won't, for I ain't in love with you. Like you though, Jennie, first-rate. There's something keeps pulling me to you. Guess it's 'cause you look like me. Anyhow, I'm going to take John Elkton out of jail, or it'll be queer."

"I hope you may be able," she said, seriously. Will's confident manner gave her hope and despite her better judgment.

"I never said a thing I didn't do, and I won't go back on this," said Will, with an earnest and assured air that gave her new hope.

The boy was energetic, honest, and shrewd, and his early life might have given him much experience of the criminal classes. He might then not be talking without warrant, and she felt herself leagued with great faith upon his promise.

"Guess I'd better be going now," said Will. "In ten minutes more, his errand completed, he was on his way back to the store."

"Mighty nice gal. Ain't many like her," he said to himself. "I'm just the feller to do what I can for her. Hope John Elkton ain't mixed with the gang. Don't think he is. Seen him the other day, and he's got an honest man's face. That goes for a good deal these days."

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### WILL VISITS MR. SOMERS.

"I WOULD have preferred to have kept this matter quiet," said Mr. Fidler, the officer. "But that cannot be done now. The robbery of the cloths is public property, and the arrest of John Elkton has made the affair of the silks as public."

"And he still refuses to tell where he got the piece which he gave my ward?" asked Mr. Leonard, anxiously.

"Yes. We cannot get a word from him about it."

"That has a very suspicious look," said Mr. Wilson. "The man could have no object in screening robbers unless he hopes to save himself by it."

"He won't save himself," said the officer, sharply. "It looks more like the old principle of honor among thieves."

"And you have no other trace?" asked Mr. Leonard.

"Nothing as yet. The rogues have covered up their track well."

"You still think it is some one in the store?" asked Wilson.

"The work could not have been done without an accomplice here. Have you gained any new ideas about it?"

"I am still more doubtful about that boy," said Wilson. "There has been a suspicious-looking old man here to see him."

"Ah!" said Mr. Fidler, interested. "Was he known, or was any effort made to follow him?"

"No. I was not here."

"If he comes again he must be spotted. I don't believe that boy is implicated, but we cannot afford to trust anybody."

"Why not follow the boy then?" suggested Mr. Leonard. "His places of resort and associates should be known."

"A good idea," replied the officer. "I will put it in practice."

"You had best arrest and examine him," said Mr. Wilson. "The truth may be frightened out of him."

"Frighten him?" cried the officer. "Frighten that boy? I see you don't know him yet. Our only hope is to take him unawares. All the magistrates in the land could not make him tell what he was not disposed to."

"I think you are right," said Mr. Leonard. "He may be coaxed. There is no driving him."

"Has anything fresh turned up?" asked the officer. "Any new raid on your dry-goods?"

"Nothing. We have had no new stuffs in lately. I expect to have some in next week and will see that they are watched."

"You may save yourself the trouble. They won't be touched," said the officer, decisively.

"There has been too much stir about the last for the thieves to move again so soon."

"I agree with you in that," said Wilson. "They won't be touched."

"How about the investigation of your books?" asked Mr. Fidler. "Did you trace any loss?"

"Yes. There has evidently been robberies committed before. Three or four at least. Perhaps a dozen."

"Ah! That is important. Running how long?"

"Over a year."

"That changes the aspect of things. Have all your employees been with you that long?"

"All except Will."

"That fact seems to clear Will. There will be no harm in watching him, though. I suppose you have received hundreds of invoices in that time?"

"Yes."

"Then the robbers are choice in their operations. They don't make a raid on every invoice. I judge from that that you expect now would not be disturbed, even if there had been no discovery."

"I quite agree with you there," said Mr. Wilson.

son. "They will wait till our vigilance is relaxed."

Mr. Fidler leaned back in his chair, looking closely at Wilson as he spoke.

This intent observation of persons was a habit of his. It seemed to be called forth now by Mr. Wilson's decided settling of how the thieves would act. His tone had been very positive.

"I guess it is very likely you are right," said the officer, carelessly.

They were interrupted by the opening of the door, and the abrupt entrance of Will into the room.

He laid a small package on the table.

"Mr. Thompson says that's all correct," he said, nodding familiarly to the officer.

"Very well," answered Mr. Leonard.

"He wants to know, what's more, what stuff you feed your messengers on, that makes them so slippery of the tongue."

"You have been giving him some impudence, Will," said Mr. Leonard.

"Not a bit. I never give impudence," said Will, indignantly. "I just awakened some of them up a trifle. They was loafing over other things, you see, and keeping me waiting. Now that weren't my idee of business, and I didn't stop long to say so."

"What did you say to them?" asked Wilson.

"I told them that if they thought I was going to hang round cooling my shins waitin' on them, they'd spent their money for the wrong monkey, that was all. But I didn't give no impudence."

"You came very near it, then," said Wilson.

"Business is about done up for to-night, and I've got some of my own to tend to. Anything ag'in my gettin' off early?" asked Will.

"No. You can go," said Mr. Leonard.

"That's clever. Want to call on my uncle," replied Will, with an odd look, as he left the room.

"There is some hidden meaning in that last remark," said the officer, rising.

Only that object! No wonder the high-blooded gentleman stood stupefied, his wrath evaporating before the vision of his abject foe as completely as if that foe were petticoats, and glared defiance at him through woman's eyes!

But the miserable being whose rags, emaciation, pallor and haggardness had thus smothered every emotion in his victim save astonishment, seemed gradually to tower up and swell out into the formidable proportions of some supernatural Avenger, whose blood-injected orbs flashed horror to the heart, while through his glittering teeth, exposed in a demonic smile between foam-flecked lips, hissed the words which would have struck dismay to the soul of Victor Valrose had he been on the pinnacle of earthly power and triumph, or on his death-bed, drawing his last breath.

"Aha!" exclaimed the dreadful creature, in clation tones. "You never thought of being called to account by JONAS KERCHEVAL, did you?"

Valrose staggered back, seemingly far more stunned than by the blow; he glared at the waif, a livid pallor growing through the crimson blood that now streaked his cheek and dripped horribly upon his elegant evening dress; and as his affrighted scrutiny gradually passed through all the ruin of the countenance, he gazed upon the man before him, the once beloved and noble lineaments of his ancient friend, his put his shaking hands across his blinded eyes, and groaned, "My Sin—my Sin has found me out!"

Berthold stood by speechless, unnerved; had this outrage taken place anywhere but under the eyes of Cordelia, his almost omnipotent mastery would have ended it ere an eye had turned that way, but with the consciousness that she was looking down on this awful punishment of the man whom she had loved enough to purchase his life with her own—she, the tender, the exquisite—she for whose sweet sake Herman Berthold was now willing to give up his own life—for once he was helpless, shorn of all his strength, and stunned to find it so. Useless as any of the rest of the bystanders, who were now crowding around the singular pair, he stood looking on, now at the ancient friend, now at Cordelia, from whose wild face the vail had dropped, and who leaned far over the balcony rail, her arms convulsively reaching toward her beloved Colonel Valrose and the terrible creature in whom she had instantly, with awful precision, recognized her father, Jonas Kercheval.

All that had been narrated of this scene passed in an inconceivably short space of time, so that the spectators had hardly time to take in the fact that a tramp had struck a gentleman in the face, covering it with blood, when the gentleman was striding up to his insult, his two delicately-gloved hands stretched out in earnest kindness to clasp the rough, browned, fleshless claws which were rubbing each other in open triumph; the next movement wrung a cry of outraged indignation from all, accompanied by a thrilling shriek from the lady in the rustic abode.

The tramp repeated his blow, felling the gentleman to the ground.

Berthold awoke. It was time. She was among them on her knees beside the senseless colonel.

"The man is mad, secure him! I shall attend to him," he flung to those who were already endeavoring to overpower Kercheval, who struggled and tore with superhuman strength; then he bent over Cordelia, saying in a rushing half whisper in her ear:

"For your mother's sake, who has not yet seen this, control yourself; he is only stunned, not seriously injured. I shall see that he is well cared for. Go to your mother, and hide this from her."

He was wise to appeal to the devoted daughter's care for either one of her parents. She heard his adjuration amid all the hurry and horror of her emotions, and comprehended what he had said.

Perhaps no other voice on earth could have reached her then; his did, and for a reason so wildly startling and unexpected that the girl sprang to her feet and seized the German with the grip of a drowning person. In his desperate anxiety, his tone, his accent, his very accompanying gesture, (grasping her arm midway between the shoulder and the elbow), had unwittingly reproduced the voice and gesture of that occasion, when, in the Arabian Desert, he had impressed upon her in the farewell, to live on stage in her darkest hour!

"For God's sake," she gasped, also, in his ear, for the music was pealing on like destiny through all the tragedy, "who are you? Have I not met you before?"

The German's magnetic orbs poured a sudden overpowering stream of intelligence into hers. For a second he panted heavily, looking at her as if he would devour her, but he conquered himself, and with the usual inscrutable gravity led her a few steps on her way toward her mother, saying with admirable composure and earnestness:

"Your overstrained feelings may run away with your usual fortitude, unless you sternly control them, I fear; the moment is come for you to play a heroine's part toward your unfortunate mother. Go with her; she has looked her last on Victor Valrose."

"And I," shuddered Cordelia, losing her personal interests instantly, as under the

(To be continued—commenced in No. 365.)

#### WHEN I AM DEAD.

BY M. A. WARNER.

Shed not a tear above my bier,  
Ye false, false friends—or bow the head:  
I ask no hypocritical tear  
When I am dead, when I am dead.

One look of love, one word of cheer,  
Is worth more tears than you can shed,  
So, if you scorn me while I'm here,  
Pray stay away, when I am dead.

But you, fond friends, who love me here,  
Then gather round my lowly bed,  
And sing one song of love and cheer  
When I am dead, when I am dead.

Then bear me gently to the tomb,  
And plant sweet violets o'er my head;  
'Tis all my love requires of thee  
When I am dead, when I am dead.

#### The Red Cross;

OR,

#### The Mystery of Warren-Guilerland.

A ROMANCE OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

A GREAT JOY AND SORROW.

COLONEL VALROSE, half stunned by the fury of the blow, staggered back a step, then rallying, looked through the blood which was trickling from the wound cut on his forehead by the seal ring on his assailant's hand, to see who had thus insulted him.

Only that object! No wonder the high-blooded gentleman stood stupefied, his wrath evaporating before the vision of his abject foe as completely as if that foe were petticoats, and glared defiance at him through woman's eyes!

But the miserable being whose rags, emaciation, pallor and haggardness had thus smothered every emotion in his victim save astonishment, seemed gradually to tower up and swell out into the formidable proportions of some supernatural Avenger, whose blood-injected orbs flashed horror to the heart, while through his glittering teeth, exposed in a demonic smile between foam-flecked lips, hissed the words which would have struck dismay to the soul of Victor Valrose had he been on the pinnacle of earthly power and triumph, or on his death-bed, drawing his last breath.

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Valrose staggered back, seemingly far more stunned than by the blow; he glared at the waif, a livid pallor growing through the crimson blood that now streaked his cheek and dripped horribly upon his elegant evening dress; and as his affrighted scrutiny gradually passed through all the ruin of the countenance, he gazed upon the man before him, the once beloved and noble lineaments of his ancient friend, his put his shaking hands across his blinded eyes, and groaned, "My Sin—my Sin has found me out!"

Berthold stood by speechless, unnerved; had this outrage taken place anywhere but under the eyes of Cordelia, his almost omnipotent mastery would have ended it ere an eye had turned that way, but with the consciousness that she was looking down on this awful punishment of the man whom she had loved enough to purchase his life with her own—she, the tender, the exquisite—she for whose sweet sake Herman Berthold was now willing to give up his own life—for once he was helpless, shorn of all his strength, and stunned to find it so. Useless as any of the rest of the bystanders, who were now crowding around the singular pair, he stood looking on, now at the ancient friend, now at Cordelia, from whose wild face the vail had dropped, and who leaned far over the balcony rail, her arms convulsively reaching toward her beloved Colonel Valrose and the terrible creature in whom she had instantly, with awful precision, recognized her father, Jonas Kercheval.

All that had been narrated of this scene passed in an inconceivably short space of time, so that the spectators had hardly time to take in the fact that a tramp had struck a gentleman in the face, covering it with blood, when the gentleman was striding up to his insult, his two delicately-gloved hands stretched out in earnest kindness to clasp the rough, browned, fleshless claws which were rubbing each other in open triumph; the next movement wrung a cry of outraged indignation from all, accompanied by a thrilling shriek from the lady in the rustic abode.

The tramp repeated his blow, felling the gentleman to the ground.

Berthold awoke. It was time. She was among them on her knees beside the senseless colonel.

"The man is mad, secure him! I shall attend to him," he flung to those who were already endeavoring to overpower Kercheval, who struggled and tore with superhuman strength; then he bent over Cordelia, saying in a rushing half whisper in her ear:

"For your mother's sake, who has not yet seen this, control yourself; he is only stunned, not seriously injured. I shall see that he is well cared for. Go to your mother, and hide this from her."

He was wise to appeal to the devoted daughter's care for either one of her parents. She heard his adjuration amid all the hurry and horror of her emotions, and comprehended what he had said.

Perhaps no other voice on earth could have reached her then; his did, and for a reason so wildly startling and unexpected that the girl sprang to her feet and seized the German with the grip of a drowning person. In his desperate anxiety, his tone, his accent, his very accompanying gesture, (grasping her arm midway between the shoulder and the elbow), had unwittingly reproduced the voice and gesture of that occasion, when, in the Arabian Desert, he had impressed upon her in the farewell, to live on stage in her darkest hour!

"For God's sake," she gasped, also, in his ear, for the music was pealing on like destiny through all the tragedy, "who are you? Have I not met you before?"

The German's magnetic orbs poured a sudden overpowering stream of intelligence into hers. For a second he panted heavily, looking at her as if he would devour her, but he conquered himself, and with the usual inscrutable gravity led her a few steps on her way toward her mother, saying with admirable composure and earnestness:

"Your overstrained feelings may run away with your usual fortitude, unless you sternly control them, I fear; the moment is come for you to play a heroine's part toward your unfortunate mother. Go with her; she has looked her last on Victor Valrose."

"And I," shuddered Cordelia, losing her personal interests instantly, as under the

sweep of a magic wand; "shall I never again see him, either?"

"If you are true to your motto, *perhaps*," answered Berthold, with a look of significance.

Cordelia pressed his hand and walked rapidly toward the spot where her mother sat upon the bench, all unconscious of the fracas which had been going on under cover of the merciful music; and as she walked she had the presence of mind to fling her vail once more over her face.

It all came sharp and fresh back to her, the terribly critical task before her, that of revealing to a mother, ready to die of the first shock of agitation, that her dead daughter was still alive.

She paused within a few feet of Madeline, to crush down all agitation; she glanced searchingly about, wishing to understand perfectly every detail of the externals of her situation that she might take advantage of anything favorable to her purpose. The Chant Triumphant was drawing to a close; people were beginning to wake up to the fact that some excitement was collecting numbers in front of one of the rustic arbors, in which Mrs. Castlemaine still sat, too stupefied by Cordelia's proceedings to move a muscle. Madeline was as yet entirely unconscious of anything going on, and appeared to be listening intently to Miss De Forest, who, unconscious also, was talking with animation.

Cordelia drew her vail closer, and stepped forward, coming up behind the bench at Miss De Forest's side, so that she was indistinctly seen by Madeline, as she stooped, and touching the young lady on the shoulder, said in her ear:

"I beg your pardon, madam, but will you be good enough to step aside with me for a moment; I have something to say which I fear to say too abruptly to Mrs. Valrose."

The young lady hearing these words slowly and calmly spoken in most delicate tone and accents, and looking round hastily to perceive at her elbow the veiled figure which she had observed with some curiosity among the throng, nodded her consent with instant intuition of the necessity of avoiding Mrs. Valrose's attention; and Cordelia moved away, screening herself behind a fountain with its profusion of tropical foliage towering up in the midst. Miss De Forest made a few more remarks to her friend, casting about in her mind for an excuse to leave her; then Madeline, raising her eyes suddenly, perceived the people all rushing in one direction, and stood up in quick alarm, gazing at the point of interest, where several gentlemen seemed to be bending over a prostrate form. Turning to utter her surprise to Miss De Forest, she found herself—alone. Wondering and rather uneasy, Madeline resented herself, shrinking a little from the unceremonious contact of those who rushed now from all directions to the scene of interest. Meanwhile Cordelia and Miss De Forest were standing face to face on the other side of the fountain, Miss De Forest walking to the alarming idea that something unfortunate had befallen Colonel Valrose, and that this stranger was endeavoring to break it as gently as possible.

Cordelia was well acquainted with the young lady, whose family used to be intimates of the Valroses four years ago. She knew her for a kind and simple-hearted girl, extremely attached to Mrs. Valrose, and possessed of some tact. She had no sooner got her out of her mother's sight than she flung up her vail, and presenting her brilliantly beautiful countenance to the young lady's astonished gaze, said:

"You remember Cordelia, don't you, Edith? Madeline thinks me dead, but I escaped; now, how am I to let mamma know without exciting her dangerously?"

"Cordelia!" gasped Edith De Forest, looking ready to swoon. "My goodness gracious! how did you—when—oh, mercy! Am I awake?" she cried, seizing on Cordelia's hands and pulling her nearer, that she might both feel and see that she was actual flesh and blood.

Cordelia reassured her in a few earnest words, and then brought her face to face with the grave exigencies of the case.

"Don't ask anything more," she implored. "Help me to make myself known to mamma."

"Stay here then until I call you. I shall prepare her as well as I can," said Miss De Forest, hurrying away.

A minute afterward she reappeared, looking terribly anxious.

"I have done my best," she said. "I have hinted as near the truth as I dared, but I warn you that I don't believe she has comprehended my meaning. She is full of that accident, or whatever it is, over there, and actually fears something has happened to the colonel. Come at once, or she'll be in the midst of the mob."

Cordelia darted forward—just in time! Madeline had seized on a passing old gentleman, and was begging him to protect her through the crowd to the wounded man—she had wormed that much out of him first—and the old gentleman was amiably tucking her under his arm.

The veiled lady blocked their way.

"God bless my soul!" cried the old gentleman, as his companion gave a start like one electrified, and dropped his arm.

"Who are you?" demanded Madeline, in a breathless voice, bending to peer through Cordelia's vail so closely that her breath panted in Cordelia's face.

Cordelia had removed her gloves. She clasped her mother's hands, and laid them against her heart. The mother felt that heart bounding and throbbing; she began to tremble; Miss De Forest flung her arms about her and supported her, laughing and crying both at once. The Chant Triumphant was done, and human voices were murmuring and buzzing everywhere; Madeline now heard the quick gasping and panting of the woman whose leaping heart her hands rested upon; she saw, too, that her eyes were glistening, as if with tears, under the cruel vail.

"Oh, my God, let it be Cora!" she breathed, in a dying voice.

And Cordelia shook aside the vail, and looked at her mother.

When Madeline awoke from her trance, the orchestra was playing something softly throbbing; she reclined against the weeping and smiling Edith De Forest on the bench, and Cora, her own sweet, lovely, darling Cora, was bending over her, a solemn adoration in her mystic eyes, and her hands clasped as if in prayer.

"Your father?" murmured Madeline, delirious with happiness.

"He has not returned," said Cordelia, growing paler.

Seeing this, the mother smiled, triumphant.

"The old sorrow?" she whispered, radiance beaming effulgently from every speaking feature; "sign no more, brave daughter—sign no more! You have bought his love—ah, Heaven! how he loves her!"

Cordelia hid her face on Madeline's breast. Madeline went on in accents drunk with joy.

"Yes, child, he loves you now as men love

angels; you are his Glorified One—his Guiding Star. Not a day but he whispers your name coupled with a blessing. Ah, my heart! it will kill him to see you alive—sweet, rapturous death—were it not that we would leave her I could ask God to let us go hence through such a golden gate," she murmured, dreamily.

From this joy-trance the labored sighs and the clutching hand of her daughter roused her.

"I suppose your story is wildly interesting," she said, faintly, but with the smile of a victorious empress; "we shall hear it all by and by; it is enough yet to see you, to hold you; if only he would come. Darling, how beautiful you are! oh, how beautiful! And her soul is as fair!" cried the mother, exultingly.

Cordelia shuddered.

"I felt that it was she!" the mother went on, laughing sweetly; "all her masking and veiling could not disguise her from her mother. There is but one outline on earth so perfect; how could she hope to blind her mother? I did not dare to tell Victor what I felt; it would have put him in one of his despairing—poor Victor! But why does he not come?"

No one answered; a sudden throe of stinging pain passed from Cordelia's convulsively-clasping hands through Madeline's heart; she sat up and looked in Cordelia's face.



no mercy; he sat there looking in the face of his judge and executioner with that half paralyzed look we cast on Death the Inevitable, as he approaches.

At length he collected himself, picturing the position as it was, with the one open door of reparation, through an eternal farewell to Madeline, and justice to Margaret. Writhing under the humiliation of self nearly as much as under the anguish of the parting, he paced about, sick at heart. Then a sudden thought of Cordelia came to him; Cordelia whose unsuspicious love of him as her father had galled and mocked him so long, until she, learning the truth, had chosen to part even from him whom she so adored rather than to remain with him knowing it; should he be less brave than she? She had of her own free will relinquished her home-life just when it became worth the living; should he, the wrong done, shrink?

"Act! you say, sir," said he, turning resolutely to his counselor; "very good, I shall act. Where is poor Kercheval? Let me see him."

"It is scarcely safe," said Herman, "his troubles have crazed him; I fear he will never recognize you again."

"Let me see him," muttered Valrose, chokingly. Once he loved me like a brother, alas! It could only be madness that would turn him against me."

Berthold stepped into his bedroom. The unfortunate lay sleeping, with a smile upon his attenuated features; Valrose followed close at his heels, and bending over the wreck of his boyhood's friend, gazed long and mournfully upon it.

Hours afterward Jonas awoke. The German still lingered near, anxiously watching. Valrose was seated close to his pillow. Jonas looked wildly around, raising himself to his elbow. His excitement had been dissipated by his lengthened slumber. For the moment he was himself, in full possession of his reason.

Up he sprang, the last idea of his lucid moments recurring to him as the first on their return.

"Ah!" he cried, with reckless triumph, "have I found you, traitor?" Another moment and Berthold's steel-strung hand was on him, his compelling eyes forcing him to meet and read them.

"This is a mistake," he said, firmly. "Victor Valrose has had naught to do with your misfortunes; they have been but the natural and inevitable outcome of your own error. You have already insulted him; come shake hands!" This curt yet comprehensive explanation arrested him. He listened attentively, his dulled faculties slowly puzzling out the meaning; then he looked from the resolute face of the German to Valrose's distressed one, with piteous wonder and pain.

"What was it, then?" he began feebly to ask; but Valrose took his thin hand between his, and with a single imploring glance sent the German out of the room. What these two said to each other is not for alien ears to overhear. In a moment of temptation two erring hearts had conspired together to the commission of a great sin; both had repaid, of this sowing of the wind, a terrible harvest of the whirlwind. Valrose in his life-long rejection of an innocent's love, whom he all the while adored, and in the loss of her at last; Jonas in those immeasurable losses and crosses which had environed every step of his life-path, ever since he had brought to a dishonored home the woman for whose sake he had sold his soul.

For these men were not mere worthless reprobates, whom God would leave to their own devices in wrath and disgust; but men of innate principle, whose ardent affections had led them astray; whom God had for a little while suffered to sin and to bear that sin's sorrow, that He might in the end bring them back, dear, prodigal sons to His loving heart; forgiven and purified.

And the instrument of this, His high purpose, had been the very man, who, in the pride of his intellect, had laughed at a God and His Providence; had chosen to take the threads of the web of these men's lives into His poor, mortal hand, supposing he could weave the noble pattern well; what thought he now, when a Mightier Hand thus caught from his bungling fingers this wisp of confusion, and casting aside the knots and tangles of self-interest, human pride, and presumptuous worldly wisdom, produced a web, beautiful as only Omnipotence can design!

Herman Berthold had sought to force these puppets of his game of life into the right path through their various self-interests: God showed him by their acts, one by one, that conscience, where the soul acknowledges a God, is stronger than any self-interest; and one by one they have turned into the right path for pure Right's sake, to their own heart-breaking and temporal ruin.

"Do right, though the heavens should fall!" Noble motto, nobly acted out to-day!

When Valrose joined his strange host and counselor, he was very pale and humble, but a singular irradiation had taken the place of the haughty, courtly grace which was the customary expression of his still handsome features.

In a few words he imparted the result of the interview. Herman felt his very soul shaken by the quiet heroism with which he announced it.

"Jonas tells me that Margaret already believes him dead; that mercifully softens the blow which I have to deal her in returning to her alive after all these years. My poor Madeline is not so fortunate; I must leave her without explanation, hiding myself from her loving search as I can, for a life-long suspense and hope would be less terrible to her than to learn the truth. But God has been very good to me, also; He has restored Cordelia to my mother in time to forestall the bitterness of my sudden loss. Cordelia knows all; she will do all for the best. We have resolved that, after I have made a humble provision for my wronged Madeline and her daughter, Jonas possessing nothing to bestow upon her, and thinking fast, I shall return to Margaret, confess all, except that Jonas still lives, and secure my property to her and to my real daughter Anne, and leave it to Margaret's choice whether we live together or separately. I must do this at once. Only one favor I must beg of you, who have so mysteriously entangled yourself with our lives, that you conduct to me my noble Cordelia for one short interview, that I may, for the first and last time, show her how I love and thank her for all she has done for me."

With a speechless gesture of assent Berthold went forth.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

When a dog barks at night in Japan the owner is arrested and sentenced to work a year for the neighbors that were disturbed. The dogs get off easier, being simply killed.

## Winning Ways;

OR,  
KITTY ATHERTON'S HEART.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

"Alas! that love was not too strong  
For maiden shame and manly pride.  
Alas! that they delayed so long  
The goal of mutual bliss beside!"

"Yet what no chance could then reveal,  
And neither would be first to own,  
Let fate and courage now conceal  
Where truth could bring remorse alone."  
—R. MONCKTON MILES.

THE "Growlery" had many a pleasant nook and corner, within and without; but one of the pleasantest, at least to Miss Marchmont's eye, was an old summer-house, half hidden with ivy, that was perched, like a bird-cage, upon the southern garden wall. There was nothing, it would seem, to recommend it to a lady's taste; and yet, in the soft sunshine of that autumn day, when the birds were singing among the elms, the rooks cawing around their nests, and the swallows darting in and out of the ivy that covered the front of the building—how pleasant a place it seemed, with its loose board floors and open front, through which a charming prospect of hill and valley, and calm blue sky and river, met her lifted eyes!

Miss Marchmont's seat was in an old, worn-out *chaise-longue*, stowed there by some careful hand, and furnished by her own with cushion and footstool, whereon to lounge, with book or pencil in hand.

Born with an artistic eye and taste, though unable to reproduce the creatures of her fancy, she often, in her solitude, painted, mentally, the most glowing landscapes, the sunniest, clearest skies, the most impassioned and beautiful faces. And now a face, both beautiful and beloved, was on the spiritual canvas; a few more spirited touches, a more decided curve to the handsome lips, and a deeper, heavenlier blue within the glorious eyes, and it would be complete. The face of one whom she had met only a few weeks before, whose voice, whose smile, had taken her back to the days of her childhood again.

He was a member of her own family, of whom she had heard much, and thought and dreamed far more. His sphere was an active and a useful one—his life so pure, and holy, and unselfish, that its relation served to awaken a deep and dangerous interest within the heart of the woman who had listened to it so eagerly.

Kind and courteous he was to all, and especially to women, and yet he had never loved; brave, yet gentle; reserved, but never haughty; stately and handsome, yet without vanity; and dedicating all—courage, zeal, gentleness, and glorious intellect—to the hazardous profession he had chosen; consecrating himself, as a kind of high-priest, to the Lord, and only caring to follow in His footsteps, and preach His word to the heathen and those who sat in darkness longing for the light. He seemed to her a Christian knight, "without fear and without reproach;" and in her heart he was shrouded, even in her girlhood, not as an idol, but as her highest and fullest realization of perfect manhood.

And now that she had met him when she was best able to understand and appreciate his worth, he was becoming, by degrees, all in all to her—guide, teacher, companion, and friend—and slowly, but surely, a love which purified her whole nature and sanctified her life, and which was no more to be compared to the former fancy she had felt than is the faint glimmer of starlight on a cloudy eve to the full, clear radiance of the queenly moon, that looks, unstained, upon a dark and sinful earth.

The first affection was clogged with the doubts, and jealousies, and sorrows of earth; this wore the calm semblance of a heavenly flame. But not ask to be his wife; indeed, I doubt if at that time she ever dreamed of the thing. She wished to labor with and for him; to sit at his feet and listen humbly to his teachings; to shelter him with an unobtrusive care and devotion through life, and feel, in the hour of death, that his calm eyes were upon her, his voice sounding prayerfully and hopefully in her ear, his hand leading her through the valley of the shadow of death, where grief and terror lay in wait for her soul.

But no man, high and noble though he may be, has it in his nature to love as purely and unselfishly as some women can do; and while Paul Elliott saw that his young relative was faithful and true, he saw also that she was gifted and ardent; and, at least to him, beautiful. He had never loved, because he had never found talent and piety, genius and goodness, combined. Now, when he discovered all those necessary qualities in one, and above all, in one who had become so dear to him, and whom he feared, he should have loved had some of them been wanting, he saw no reason why he should not secure the treasure for himself. Neither were vowed to celibacy; both, he believed, would be better, happier together than apart; and though he knew nothing of the sentiments she cherished toward him, he preferred to trust to his good fortune, and satisfy himself on that point, rather than to leave the decisive words unspoken, and go from her side and lose her forever.

She knew this well; and sat, on that pleasant morning, awaiting the announcement of his coming—awaiting the interview which was to decide the whole course of her future life.

A shadow crossed the sunlight upon the garden path, as she looked impatiently from the window—a hand was upon the latch, and a step upon the threshold, as she resumed her seat—and some one entered, bringing with him a wandering breeze, freighted with the odor of countless flowers. She rose, and held out her hand with a gentle smile that brought a new and lovely light to her proud face.

But as she slowly raised her eyes to the face of the intruder, that look changed to a glance of astonishment, almost of fear.

"Mr. Oliver!" she gasped.

"The same, at your service," he replied, laughing at her look of utter consternation. "One would imagine I was the Wandering Jew, and brought the plague in my train, to see the way in which people greet me. My wife was kind enough to faint when I entered the breakfast-room, somewhat unexpectedly, this morning—on account of the very agreeable surprise, no doubt," he added, with a sarcastic intonation that showed her he knew all.

"When did you arrive?" asked Miss Marchmont, without noticing the sneer.

"By the earliest train this morning. I came on the wings of love, or rather the Dover express, to meet my charming Kitty all the sooner. My charming Kitty, did I say? My charming Penelope rather—who has employed the time of my absence by resolutely keeping all her suitors at bay!"

"I don't like you in that mood, Mr. Oliver. I don't like your face—your voice—nor the

manner in which you speak of your wife! Why did you go and leave her in that outrageous way?"

"Come and walk with me, Oliver," he said, abruptly, offering his arm. Then, seeing that she hesitated and looked surprised, he added: "Oh, I beg ten thousand pardons, with all my heart! I should have said: Miss Marchmont, will you honor me by taking a stroll with me through your grounds?"

It was absurd to refuse him; and seeing, by a stolen glance at her watch, that there was yet an hour before Paul Elliott could arrive, she took his arm, and they went down the steps and into the sunny garden together. Through the flower-garden he led her, and out upon the lawn, where, veiled by the low shrubbery from all inquiring eyes, stood a garlanded and twisted tree, whose fantastically-carved trunk had often served as a seat for some romantic beauty during the *al fresco* entertainments for which the "Growlery" was justly celebrated. Miss Marchmont sat down there. Mr. Oliver leaned against the branches, looked down at her, and began to talk in that tone of suppressed vehemence which deep passion only knows.

"Why did I leave my wife? You know as well as I do, Miss Marchmont. I thought her a good little thing. I knew that she was pretty; but one gets tired of mutton when it becomes a standing dish."

"Mutton!" said Miss Marchmont, lifting her eyebrows.

"Why not? Is not our charming little friend yonder a lamb? A lamb in innocence as well as appearance, mind you."

"You have no right to speak of her in that way. You were sarcastic enough and disagreeable enough before you ran away from her; but your short residence in Paris has made you worse instead of better."

"Thanks," he said, bowing as if she had paid him a compliment. "My short residence in Paris seems to have had the same effect upon my charming wife. Have you not noticed that?"

"No!" was the ungracious reply. "And as people cannot help taking sides in these matters, I must tell you frankly that I hold with your wife in everything—not with you; and that I will not sit quietly and hear her abused!"

"In everything?" he said, with a slight smile. "Even in her encouragement of Captain Conyers?"

"Captain Conyers has gone. She has sent him about his business, at all events."

"I know it, and I am very sorry. There is a curious sensation in my mind when I hear that gallant captain mentioned, which can only be allayed by the gentle exercise of kicking him out of my house. However, for the present, let the gallant captain go. And so you take part against me; you, of all women on earth, Oliver?"

She did not answer. Her eyes drooped before his piercing, questioning gaze.

The years that had passed since they were young together had made little difference in her face or form. She was still graceful and noble-looking—the same haughty curve lingered round her lip—the same roguish smile lit up her animated face—and only a close observer could discern that deep down in the proud eyes lay a look of latent weariness, which showed how different was the woman from the girl of sixteen.

"I want to say something to you. May I?"

She bowed her head.

A sudden change was visible in his manner. A subdued eagerness and a happy hope flushed his cheek and kindled in his eyes. She looked at him with a kind of calm surprise.

"You ask why I left my wife, and why I speak of her as I did just now. You know, Oliver, how utterly unable she is to give me what I require—the heart, the mind, the soul—pshaw! I do not look for these in her. Oliver, do you remember the summer we spent together in America, years ago?"

She would not tell him how long and faithfully she had remembered it.

"I loved you, then, as a sister," he went on, hurriedly; "for all the tenderness and passion of my nature was sleeping. You began to write; and, at last, one of your books came to me; and when I read it, I knew what the lost glory was. It was you and your love that I wanted; and I said to myself—'This is the kindred soul that I need.' They told me that you were gay, wealthy, and heartless. I was afraid to force myself upon your notice after my infamous behavior, and I gave up all hopes of ever meeting you again, except as we met in the fashionable and the literary world. In the New Forest, however, I dreamed a dream of love and happiness once more, but only for a day. You left me just when the words that should have won you were trembling on my tongue—and I married! You have been my friend—the friend of my wife! Will you never be more? Mine is a wasted, a broken life; but you can make it all I ever dreamed or hoped it would be. I cannot part from you again without telling you how well—how madly I love you. Life will be nothing to me without you! Oliver, what have you to say?"

Pale and trembling he awaited her answer. But she was silent—sitting with her hand before her eyes. He knelt beside her, and implored:

"Oliver, only one word. Do you love another?"

She raised her head, and regarded him with a long, steady look.

"You!" she said, sadly. "You, whom I once loved so tenderly, to come here and insult me like this!"

"I mean no insult."

"You—of all others! The measure of your weakness, of your ingratitude, of your cowardice, is filled! Farewell, Francis Oliver! Your way lies there—mine here—and I hope that we may never meet again! I would rather—far rather, have seen you lying in your coffin, than fallen—abject and degraded—as you are now."

She turned away as she spoke, and walked toward the house. And he dared not attempt, by look or word, to detain her.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

"Farewell my home, my home no longer now,  
Witness of many a calm and happy day;  
And thou, fair eminence, upon whose brow  
Dwells the last sunshine of the evening ray.  
Farewell, mine eyes no longer shall pursue  
The western sun beyond this utmost height  
When slowly he forsakes the field of light.  
No more the freshness of the falling dew  
Cool, and delightful, here shall bathe my head,  
As from this western window, dear, I lean,  
Listening the while I watch the placid scene—  
The martins twittering underneath the shed.  
Farewell my home, where many a day has past,  
In joys whose loved remembrance long shall last."

—SOUTHEY.

Was Mr. Oliver mad?

It would almost seem so; but there are times in a life like his when sanity puts on the aspect of insanity, and plays the most fantastic tricks imaginable. One of these wild moods had come upon him, and he had yielded to it, as we have seen.

Those who have lived such lives are, I think,

to be judged more leniently than those with whom the current of existence has glided on with a placid and unbroken flow. Mr. Oliver had exhausted most pleasures in his youth, and when Kitty first dawned upon his sight, he was a lonely and a disappointed man. Some solace he found at first in her fresh young love for a life wasted, for high gifts thrown away; but, alas! the voice of that charmer could not always soothe him. When the first fervor of passion had passed away, and he found nothing except beauty and good-temper in his wife (because he would not look for more), how the tie of marriage wearied him—how eagerly he turned to anything, everything, that would give him one new sensation more! He ought to have studied Kitty more deeply, it is true—he ought to have watched and encouraged her first dim perceptions of the beautiful—her first faint reachings after the true; but he had not patience to do this. Authors, I think, are generally impatient with those who do not meet them at once upon their own ground. They will not take pains to hold out a helping hand, that they may reach it; at least, if they take such pains with strangers, they will not (owing, I suppose, to the utter perversity of human nature) with those who are nearest and dearest to them. Had Kitty been a pretty young lady "in society," whose favor Mr. Oliver wished to win, it is more than probable that he would have found ways and means of improving her mind; but she had been a peasant maiden, and she was his wife. Where would be the pleasure of angling after a speckled trout that is already fast upon the hook?

So, finding her no companion for his more thoughtful hours, and taking no pains to make her so, Mr. Oliver, having had leisure during his Parisian exile to repent of his momentary infatuation for La Stella, returned to the thought of his first love with fond and remorseful tenderness.

The breaking up of such a friendship is no light thing, and it is no wonder that the world had grown dark and cold. Once she had lightened all his trouble by sharing it, and when he missed her he groped blindly on his way, as if the light of his existence had gone out. She was the only one who stood between him and the world. He had but her, and when all sweet ties were rent in that one which bound them together, he stood face to face with all antagonists, unarmed and unshielded. He tried to supply her place—not so much because he was inconstant, as because he loathed his loneliness. In every instance he failed. Those whom he sought had other ties and friends—at best, he could only occupy a second place in their hearts. What was more important, was this: they were of the common order of women. Their souls were narrow, their brains capable of supporting only one trivial set of ideas. Probably he wearied them; certainly, they wearied him most unbearably.

Oliver was a quietly soul, that fed upon high thoughts. And constant association with such a spirit had spoiled him for others. So it came to pass that he still went his way alone, and in the Valley of Humiliation, or on the Mountains of Peace, his cry was always: "Will she ever come back to me?"

And then he met her once again, and saw her day after day, still young and ardent, yet already rich and famous—the star of many an assembly—a woman whose name was upon every tongue, and whose written words, no less than her spoken ones, influenced many a reader, charmed and brightened many a life. And while she was going on steadily in her upward course, his wife was flirting with Captain Conyers—giving to him the heart she had vowed away at the altar, and doing her best to make a laughing-stock and byword of her husband's name! It was not a pleasant contemplation. And forgetting all his share of the blame (no man ever remembers, or is even conscious of that) he brooded over the picture till all the disappointment, the despondency, the hopelessness of his life overflowed in that one interview with Miss Marchmont, and made her a stranger to him forever.

He watched her, as she left him that morning, till she entered the house and closed the door behind her. All was over. His self-love wound-d, his pride hurt, his dearest hopes disappointed, his private life lost, his life a blank!

"A pleasing prospect before me!" he broke out, with a bitter laugh. "Oh, I wish—I wish, with all my heart, that I was lying comfortably under six feet of earth—all this ceaseless worry and vexation over—nothing to do but to sleep sweetly and take my rest. Death—kind death!—when will you come?"

As those sad words fell from his weary heart, as well as from his lips, did nothing speak to him, from the flowers at his feet, from the softly-waving trees, from the deep blue sky, of another world, whose beauty shall far exceed the beauty of this, and whose happiness, for those who win to it, can never be described? No! Pagan that he was, he asked nothing

more—believed in nothing more than rest! To lie beneath those whispering trees; to "feel the daisies growing over him;" to know that sunshine and shadow were above, and the little singing-birds, and the small, yet lovely creatures of the earth around him; to blend his dust with theirs, and so carry on the vast beneficent plan of Nature. This was all he wanted—this was what would have been a blessed boon to him upon that very day.

He roused himself from the pleasing, yet melancholy dream at last, and shrugged his shoulders.

"That happy hour has not come for me," he muttered; "and as there is nothing but vexation for me till it does come, I'll even go on in the old way. I'll go and have it out with Kitty."

He strode away, never looking to the right or the left, till he reached his own house. Kitty was not in the library, which had of late been her usual place of resort. She was in her own morning-room, and there he sought her, at last. She was sitting in the window-seat, reading in a volume of poems, the legend of "Burd Helen."

"Lord John he rode, Burd Helen ran,  
A live long summer's day,  
Until they came to Clyde water,  
Was filled frae bank to brae."

"Seest thou you water, Helen," said he, "That flows from bank to bank?"  
"I trust to God, Lord John," she said, "You ne'er will see me swim."

As she finished the lines, her husband entered, and, without seeing her at first, stood close beside the window, looking out upon the lawn.

The heavy folds of the curtain in his hand drooped down with a friendly shadow over her, and she had time to take a stealthy survey of him. Tall, stately and handsome, his large, dark eyes softening in the warm light of the noonday. He looked touched and pensive; was this the face her fancy had pictured while she read his letter? He looked like a poet—like a patriot; but never like a false, unscrupulous man.

Turning away with a deep sigh, he suddenly caught sight of her. His face changed—the pensive look gave way to a smile of scorn.

"Oh, you are here!" he exclaimed. "I have been in search of you for some time. I really began to think you had gone away with your friend, Captain Conyers!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 359.)

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## FOR NINETY DAYS

FROM THE DATE OF THIS ISSUE OF THIS PAPER

## Elegant Table Silverware

Can be secured by all who receive a copy of this week's paper, on compliance with the following conditions:—The Standard Silverware Company, 14 Maiden Lane, New York, manufacturers of Pure Coin-Standard Silver Plated Ware, will send to any one entitled to receive the same a Set of Double Extra-Plated Silver Spoons, and engrave on each spoon any desired Initial. You are required to cut out the following Silverware Coupon and send it to the above Company with your name and address, as a guarantee that the order comes through this paper. You are also required to enclose with your order the nominal charge of seventy-five cents to pay cost of engraving initials, packing, boxing, and express charges. The spoons will be sent by express (or mail, if you have no express office) and delivered in your hands without further cost. As the seventy-five cents barely covers express and engraving charges, the spoons will cost you nothing. These spoons are guaranteed to be of the best material, and sold at retail at from \$3.50 to \$4 per set, as the following letter from the Standard Silverware Company will testify:

OFFICE STANDARD SILVERWARE COMPANY,  
14 Maiden Lane, New York City.

To Whom It May Concern.—The Spoons sent out under this arrangement, we guarantee are of best quality, first heavily plated with pure nickel (the hardest white metal known), and a double extra plate of pure Coin-Standard Silver added on top of the nickel, thus rendering them the very best Silver-plated ware manufactured. In no case will they be sold at retail by us, and cannot be secured from general dealers for less than \$3.50 to \$4 per set. Our lowest wholesale price is \$2.50 per gross (twelve dozen). We will honor no order which does not contain the Silverware Coupon, and we will not honor the Coupon after ninety days from the date of this paper.

(Signed) STANDARD SILVERWARE CO.

**SILVERWARE COUPON.**

On receipt of this Coupon, together with 75c. to cover express or mailing, engraving, and boxing charges, we hereby agree to send to any address a set of our Pure Coin-Standard, double-extra plated, Silver Spoons, and engrave on each spoon any desired Initial. All charges are to be prepaid by the 75c. sent in, and the spoons will be delivered at destination free of any other charge.

Good for ninety days from date of this paper, after which this Coupon is null and void.

(Signed) STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., 14 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Should it be desired, any one of the following articles will be sent in lieu of the spoons, on payment of the following charges: Six solid steel knives, blade and handle one solid piece, best steel, \$6; six solid steel forks, \$6; six solid steel spoons, \$6; six solid steel teaspoons, \$6; six solid steel dessert spoons, \$6; six solid steel butter knives, \$6; six solid steel table knives, \$6; six solid steel table forks, \$6; six solid steel table spoons, \$6; six solid steel table teaspoons, \$6; six solid steel table dessert spoons, \$6; six solid steel table butter knives, \$6; six solid steel table table knives, \$6; six solid steel table table forks, \$6; six solid steel table table spoons, \$6; six solid steel table table teaspoons, \$6; six solid steel table table dessert spoons, \$6; six solid steel table table butter knives, \$6; six solid steel table table table knives, \$6; six solid steel table table table forks, \$6; six solid steel table table table spoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table teaspoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table dessert spoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table butter knives, \$6; six solid steel table table table table knives, \$6; six solid steel table table table table forks, \$6; six solid steel table table table table spoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table teaspoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table dessert spoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table butter knives, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table knives, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table forks, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table spoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table teaspoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table dessert spoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table butter knives, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table knives, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table forks, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table spoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table teaspoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table dessert spoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table butter knives, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table knives, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table forks, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table spoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table teaspoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table dessert spoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table butter knives, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table knives, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table forks, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table spoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table teaspoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table dessert spoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table butter knives, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table table knives, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table table forks, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table table spoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table table teaspoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table table dessert spoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table table butter knives, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table table table knives, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table table table forks, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table table table spoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table table table teaspoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table table table dessert spoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table table table butter knives, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table table table table knives, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table table table table forks, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table table table table spoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table table table table teaspoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table table table table table table dessert spoons, \$6; six solid steel table table table table table table



## RUNNING FOR OFFICE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Dear maid, I am a candidate  
And somewhat in a mix,  
The love of you, dear Polly, is  
My ardent poll-ties;  
And while I make to you a speech  
Lend your gleaming eyes;  
My feelings are conservative—  
Sweetest of Polls, and dear.

I've stumped the State, and I am stumped  
To find your match around,  
I count you fairer, gentler one,  
Than any, on fair count,  
It is for you I'd cast my vote—  
Unchallenged give my name,  
And wait the general result  
For office, and for fame.

Were you my colleague in the House  
We'd represent the state  
Of matrimony, well and long,  
And mingle in debate.  
I'd like to take up your support  
As long as life endures,  
And with each other we would dine  
At the Election Board.

I'd rather like your government;  
To operate we'd pace;  
I'd never scratch a ticket, dear,  
If you'd not scratch my face.  
You should be Speaker of the House,  
And I'd accept your speech,  
And I'd keep still when'er you rapped—  
And ne'er committee breach.

Of course I'd do the canvassing  
And not be canvass-bored,  
And on financial ques-tions  
We'd not take up the sword.  
Your face, dear one, is far more sweet  
Than face of the returns—  
With a plurality of one  
How happy we who earn!

The majority should always rule,  
And if I should be true  
Getting the head o' the table, dear,  
I'd not contest the seat.  
How'er things turn I always would  
Accept the situation,  
And no bulldozing be allowed,  
And no intimidation.

If I could win in this dear race—  
Be chosen for a term,  
I'd be my office to become  
Constitution, tried and firm.  
I am a very candid man  
To be a candidate,  
And so the general result  
I am content to wait.

## Cavalry Custer,

From West Point to the Big Horn;

OR,

THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGON.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ,

AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE  
SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

VI.

GENERAL HANCOCK, as the soldiers approached the camp, noticed that the Indians were very uneasy. They all fancied that the soldiers had come to get them into a trap and kill them. To calm their anxiety, and partly for fear of Indian treachery, the general ordered his camp pitched a mile from that of the Cheyennes, and surrounded it with sentries. Then, as it was late in the day, he ordered a feast, and entertained some of the chiefs, who talked better than ever, and all swore that they were going to be very good.

Evening came on, and then night, and it was duly arranged that the Indians should come to a grand council in the morning. Then everything was quiet, and the soldiers were all sound asleep, when one of the general's Indian scouts, who had been prowling round the Cheyenne camp, came hurrying back in the middle of the night, with the news that the Indians were stealing away, leaving the village standing.

Then there was a fine bustle, as may be supposed. General Hancock was furious, and ordered all the cavalry out, under Custer, to surround the village and capture all the Indians that were left, dead or alive. As quickly as they could be waked, but without sounding any bugles, the cavalrymen were routed out of their tents, saddled up in haste, and rode out to surround the village. There was a bright moonlight, and they could see the white lodges grouped under the trees, like rows of ghosts, but not a figure or fire was visible. By the time the village was quite surrounded, they found out, when too late, that the Indians had fled entirely, leaving not a soul behind.

Custer thus took his first lesson in Indian tricks, and he never forgot the results of that night's experience. He had found that it is never safe to let an Indian go, when once you have him in sight. In a match of cunning, the Indian is sure to win. Nothing was left but to report to General Hancock, and the general at once ordered Custer to take all the cavalry and follow the Indians, hoping to catch them.

All the rest of the night was spent in getting the men ready for next day's trip. It was impossible to follow the trail of the Indians till daylight, and very difficult then. Left to themselves, the soldiers could never have done it, but, along with the expedition, were some twenty or thirty scouts, some white and some Indians. It was on these that they had to depend to catch the Cheyennes. All that night the cavalry soldiers were up and working. Each man had to get three days' pork and hard tack, and a week's coffee and sugar ready for the march.

Starting on a long scout after Indians is not so easy. First, you must put your coffee and sugar in little bags, and tie them up very tight, or the jolting of the horse will shake them all over the saddle bags, on the pork and hard tack. Each article must be wedged in so tight it cannot be moved. Then the men draw fifteen pounds of oats apiece, supposed to be enough on the plains, along with the grass, to keep a horse three days. This grain goes into a long narrow canvas bag, and fills it up tight, till it looks like a huge sausage. Then the end of the bag is tied, and this sausage is strapped on the back of the saddle so that it cannot shake about.

One may say, well, all this can be done in half an hour. That is true, but it takes another half hour for the sergeants of the different companies to go to the commissary and have their portions weighed out, to be distributed afterward to the men, one by one. Then all the horses' feet have to be looked to. If there is a loose shoe it must be taken off and reset, for it would never do for a horse to lose a shoe, out on a long march. That horse would soon go lame and have to be left behind.

At last, however, everything was ready, just as the first streaks of dawn were coming in the East. The wagon train of the Seventh Cavalry was all harnessed up and ready to move out. Then the bugles sounded "to horse," and each orderly sergeant ordered his company to lead out their horses. There they stood in a long line, each man at his horse's head, till they had counted fours, beginning on the right, each man calling successively, "one

—two—three—four—one—two—three—four," to the end of the line. Then each sergeant turned to his captain, who sat on his horse behind him, and touched his cap. A moment later, all the captains called out "Prepare to mount." At that word each No. 1 and No. 3 led out his horse to the front, the other numbers standing still. This was to give the men room to get on their horses. At the same time, and all together, each man put his foot in the stirrup, seized his horse's mane in one hand, the pomel of the saddle with the other. "Mount!" shouted all the captains. In another moment, just like a machine, every man of the Seventh Cavalry sprang up, threw his leg over, and took his seat. And that is the way a cavalry regiment starts out. A civilian might think a good deal of fuss is made about a little thing, but that is only the beginning of what soldiers call "discipline." Every man has his number and place, and never forgets it, and so, no matter what the crowd, everything is always in order.

A few minutes later, the whole regiment started out in columns of fours, followed by its train of forty great wagons. It may be said why did they take the wagons, when the men carried three days' food? It must be remembered that the great plains of the West stretch for thousands of miles every way, and that neither Custer nor any of his officers knew how far they would have to go before they caught the Cheyennes. The reason they carried provisions on the horses, was that they might be able to leave their wagons for a three days' scout at any time, but with their wagons they could stay out a whole month.

I am telling my readers all these little things to give them an idea of what life on the plains really is, when there is a large body of men to be moved. Remember that on the plains there are only two things to be found for food—grass for the horses—game for the men. It is not always so easy to find game as one may think, and when it is found, it is not so easy to catch it. Moreover, one buffalo will feed three hundred men; and the Seventh Cavalry, officers and all, numbered nearly four hundred. So they had to take the wagons with them, and of course they could only go as fast as the wagons went, that is to say at a walk or slow trot.

Perhaps you begin to see now one reason why the soldiers don't catch the Indians often, other than they do. It is because the Indians, accustomed from childhood to live on the plain, have no wagons. Their ponies live on

worst desperadoes are afraid of him. If he points a pistol at a man he never need shoot twice. He kills every time.

Will Wild Bill find the trail for Custer? No. There are some things no white scout can do like an Indian, and all the scouts fall back as soon as they get to the abandoned camp, and let the Indians go to the front. The column of soldiers is a few hundred yards off, halted, and waiting for the long file of wagons to lumber out, and the white scouts are clustered in a knot at the further end of the village.

See, the Indian scouts—two Delawares, a Shawnee, a Creek, and a Cherokee have leaped off their horses, and stretch out into a circle round the further end of the village. The whole ground is covered with pony tracks, crossing and recrossing in inextricable confusion. The scouts run out just like so many hounds trying to find a scent, at a long, swinging lunge, peering at the tracks as they go, and hunting all over the ground.

For some time not a word is spoken. Wild Bill and the white scouts watch the Indians searching. Now the lumbering noise of advancing wagons stops and the soldiers are all at a halt. Here comes Custer, out to the front, to see if the scouts have found the trail. He rides a beautiful bright bay horse, thoroughbred, and looks like anything but a soldier in his jaunty buck-skin dress. All round his horse see those dogs capering. There are Blucher and Maida his famous Scotch deerhounds, given him by Mr. Barker, of Detroit. There are several fox-hounds and a white Spitz dog, and Custer looks more like a huntsman than a general.

Hark! Just as Custer comes up, they hear a long, loud cry from one of the Indians. It comes from that dingy-looking fellow, with a dirty face, one or two broken feathers in his hair. Dirty as he looks, he is the smartest trailer of his nation, one of the tribe of Delawares who once lived in Maryland. He has found the trail!

Away goes Custer, dogs and all, and the scouts follow. When they come up, the Delawares points to the ground. A straight double furrow runs out from the confusion of tracks, and you can see other furrows near it streaking off in one direction from the camp. These furrows look as if a man had been dragging a stick behind him in the dust, on each side of him. There are, however, pony tracks between the furrows, so it seems that a horse must have carried the sticks.

So he did. Those furrows are the marks of



Just as Custer comes up, they hear a long, loud cry from one of the Indians. He has found the trail!

grass, they live on buffalo and other game. Well, then, you may say they cannot keep together in large numbers any more than the soldiers, or they would starve, too. That is just what is the matter. Whenever they want to move fast and escape the soldiers, they are obliged to split up into little parties, and scatter in all directions, so that they can live on hunting, eating any animal that comes in their way. They only keep in large villages in places where game is very plentiful, in time of peace, sending out their hunting-parties far and wide.

But all this time we are keeping the Seventh Cavalry and Custer waiting, when we ought to be on the trail of the Cheyennes. It makes no difference, however. The soldiers couldn't find the trail any more than you could. The ground is as hard as a rock, and there are so many pony and horse-tracks that you or I couldn't make head or tail of them.

But stay; there are those with Custer who can find the trail, and just see them go, now! There they come out of camp at full gallop, dressed in gray and brown, with old fur caps, big white hats, buck-skin coats, red shirts, dirty and ragged-looking, with wild, matted hair and big beards, mounted on ponies, big horses and mules; several dirty-looking Indians among them, with striped handkerchiefs round their heads, and their shirts hanging out behind. Do you know those fellows? They are the scouts. Some have been gambling, and there's not one of them you would like to find in a dark place alone. But, rough as they look, there is more in those fellows than you think. Look there! There's one very different from the rest. He rides a beautiful sleek black mare, a racer, and has a silver-mounted saddle and bridle. That fellow's a dandy. See how clean his buck-skin suit is, all trimmed with beads, and how carefully his hair is curled. Did you ever see a handsomer face in your life, with its high, thin nose and that long silky mustache? And what a perfect cavalier. As he rides near Custer, you see that they are very much alike in figure, tall and slender, long-limbed and graceful. Their faces are not unlike, only Custer's curls and mustache are yellow, this fellow's are dark. That man is Wild Bill, the best pistol-shot and the bravest scout on the frontier, but as quiet and peaceable a man as you'd wish to find, as quiet as Custer. It wouldn't do to try and bully him though, for Wild Bill has killed more men than any scout on the frontier, and the

what is called a "lodge-pole trail." They are made by the ends of the poles with which the Indians put up their lodges. When the squaws take the lodge down, they tie the poles together at one end, throw them over a pony's back and let the other end trail. Then, on the poles behind the pony, they place the bundle of skins that makes the lodge. Then, on the pony, put a squaw and all the children they have lying around loose, and Mr. Indian is ready to move house.

Whenever you see a fresh lodge-pole trail, you may know that the women and children are along, and there is a chance of catching the Indians, for they never run away from their families. In this instance the scouts had seen plenty of broad trails of horsemen, all moving in different directions, and purposely made very plain, but what they wanted to find was the main trail. They knew that the Indians, in trying to escape, would spread out just like a fan, on purpose to conceal their movements, but they knew that if there was a single lodge carried off, it probably belonged to the chief's family, and that the Indians would be sure to come back to their chief at last.

So, without waiting any more, Custer gave the signal; the column started, and away went the scouts on the little narrow lodge-pole trail, careless of the pony tracks elsewhere, just as the sun rose over the dry plains of Kansas.

We shall soon see how they fared.

\* This same Wild Bill, whose full name was William Hitchcock, was killed last spring in the Black Hills, while gambling, by a miner with whom he had a dispute. The miner shot him dead before he could draw his own pistol.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 363.)

## Winifred.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

It seemed to her as if the music would never cease. It seemed as if never before in all her life had melody aroused such sensations as pulsed so madly over her, or echoed with such woful, ecstatic pain through her ears.

She had refused several gentlemen that waltz—not because she did not passionately love dancing, or that she was fatigued, or that possibly her lord and master might object to too much gaiety on her part; but when the band had begun to play a Strauss waltz she had gone in behind a gray and pink silken cur-

tain, and leaned her head against a pillar that felt so cool to her hot temples.

She was so wretched—so frightfully wretched, and her great, anguished eyes—magnificent eyes that seemed floating in warm amber depths—were eloquent with the same half-defiant, half-piteous expression that made her mouth so tense, so—almost cruel in its set, white sternness.

She could not remember the time since Errol St. George and she had quarreled and parted that she had not been passively miserable; she could not recall a moment since she had been Howard Champion's wife that she had been even passively happy. She had endured, and that was all—endured only, with all her intense will power in perpetual struggle with her feverish, passionate love for Errol St. George; endured, so far as physical life went; suffered, so far, and to the very full, as spiritual existence went.

It had been two years since the night she and Errol St. George had passed such sharply-bitter words, and parted in hot anger to meet so differently from the way either had anticipated—to meet to-night, at Miss Crittendon's reception, and with such an awful barrier between them—Errol St. George and Howard Champion's wife instead of the Winifred Walton of other days.

There had been a pitiful misunderstanding right after that lovers' quarrel of theirs, and then Winifred had had an offer of Mr. Champion's hand, and, in consequence of the misunderstanding that led her to believe that St. George would never again be friendly with her, under the influence of the widely-spoken, generally credited report, Winifred had decided that since love and Errol could not rule the day, that money and old Mr. Champion should. And money and old Mr. Champion did, and, among all the luxury and magnificence of her home, between sparkle of costly jewels and foamy fall of laces and rustle of silken attire, Winifred tried to suffocate the deathless love for Errol St. George that had never pulsed more hotly in her veins than the hour the minister pronounced her Howard Champion's wife.

Months and months after there had come a letter to her, from a little hidden village in southern France—a letter of contrition and imploring entreaty, acknowledging his all the wrong, only begging, praying with ardent, passionate fervor to be forgiven and loved once more—and the letter was from Errol St. George, and addressed to her maiden name,

waltz, she deliberately went behind the pink and gray silken curtain to wait for him, with that excited beating in her temples, and that wild, mad joy of pain at her heart.

She did not wait long—not ten minutes, before he lifted the drapery and stood before her—pale, with a pallor that is alarming on a strong, proud man's face, and with a gleam in his eyes that made her give a little gasping cry, as he reached out both his hands and pronounced her name in a fierce, passionate breath:

"Winifred!"

She held out her hand—strangely unnaturally it was—not as one extends a hand in warm, glad greeting, but as if to ward him off—she, whose heart was breaking for love of him—she, who had dared come there to meet him, alone, who, a moment before, thought it worth life, honor itself that is more than life, to once more feel his kisses on her lips.

And now, at sound of her own name in Errol St. George's eager voice, she warded him off, and stepped back a pace, and then they stood looking at each other, in a silence that he broke at last.

"I thought you would be glad to see me, Winifred! And so this is the greeting you condescend to give me!"

He could see her shiver at sound of his voice.

"Glad! Oh, God!"

Was it rapture, or regret she expressed? He stepped nearer her, looking in her eyes—dim, moist with tears that refused to fall, but so passing beautiful.

"How could you ever have been so false? Winifred, you have ruined my life—made me a perfect wreck so far as even the possibility of happiness goes. Winifred! after the anguish I have endured, give me a kind word—for God's sake give me a kind word!"

He had taken one of her hands—so cold and trembling, and it was not in her power to resist the warm, pulsing touch that vibrated through every nerve and vein of her body.

"Don't talk of suffering, Errol"—how his heart throbbed at the word; "what do you think I have endured—I, who placed the barrier between us—I, whose hands did what never can be undone? Errol! I believe I am mad—my—my husband is good—oh, so good to me, so much better than I deserve."

She seemed talking at random, and her cheeks were flushed deliciously.

"You deserve more than he can give you, more than anyone in all the world can give—but, not more than I can give you! Winifred! Winifred—let me offer you my love once more—you will be happy again! Winifred, darling, darling, it is not too late yet. All of youth, and life, and love lies before us; be my very own; we will go away where no breath of slander shall reach you, where I will convince you it is not wrong that we who love so well shall set at defiance society's narrow code—where, I swear before God, I will never, never leave you, that I will be tender and true forever and ever! Winifred! my love, my only love, can you not see it cannot be wrong to unite such hearts, such loves, such lives as ours? Speak, dear!"

She listened, listened eagerly. Oh, how grateful to her starved heart it was to hear his passionate, pleading voice once more. She listened, marking every expression that lighted his handsome face, and stood, dazed and trembling before him. He saw his advantage—and he loved her so.

"Winifred! It is yes! It is yes, darling! To-morrow we will go together—to-morrow will be our bridal day—oh, my sweet one, my beloved!"

He would have taken her in his arms, but she drew back, still with that half-ecstatic, half-terrified look in her eyes. He would have kissed her on her perfect mouth, but there was something, even in her half-yielding, half-decisiveness that checked him.

She answered him in a pitiful sort of way. "Oh, Errol—don't talk to me like that! I have suffered so—so; but I have not sinned. Errol go away—you shall not tempt me again."

He smiled tenderly.

"Is it a temptation, my little one? Then you think it would be happiness to be with me—"

A word escaped her lips—eager, passionate.

"Happiness!"

"Then you shall be happy! Winifred, in God's sight you are more mine than Howard Champion's. To-morrow we will leave all the misery and be happy forever. Only one word—only say 'yes, my darling, say it!'"

She hid her face with her hands. Should she say it? Was his reasoning right? Oh, she loved him so, and she was so wretched, so hopelessly miserable!

"Is it yes, dear?" St. George's voice whispered it in her ear. She raised her head, frantically.

"Oh—not now—not yet! I must think—after this dance."

He offered his arm.

"It's another waltz. Dance it with me, my darling, and when it is over tell me Heaven waits for me. Come."

The "Beautiful Blue Danube" was trilling silverly from horns and cornet, and the loud, martial blow of the cornet sounded loud and inspiring; and Errol St. George and Winifred Champion joined the slowly revolving circle of waltzers, so fair to see, so graceful and handsome, and composedly at ease.

Down the long room in his arm, her white lace skirts making foamy waves around her twinkling feet; the odor of the geranium and lilacs-of-the-valley in her hair and on her bosom coming in little gusts of sensuous perfume to his face; her lithe, willowy form, resting like a fairy on his strong arm, and her eyes downcast, with the long dark lashes sweeping her marble fair cheeks like bronze shadows.

So fair, so lovely, and he loved her so, and to-morrow—

A sudden gasping moan from her lips, a sharp cry of horror from some one standing by—and Errol St. George knew he held in his arms only Winifred Champion's fair form, from which a merciful God had summoned the soul ere sin had laid its ineffaceable stain on its whiteness.

Afterward, a learned physician told Mr. Champion his wife had died literally of a broken heart, and then people remembered how pale and thin Mrs. Champion had been looking lately.

Only Errol St. George knew, and regretted in sackcloth and ashes the imprudent wickedness of his despairing love that had led him to such scarcely pardonable sin.

And Winifred sleeps quietly in Greenwood, her troubled heart at rest.

"I sympathize sincerely with your grief,"

said a French lady to a recently widowed friend. "To lose such a husband as yours—"

"Ah, yes, he was very good. And then, you see, such a misfortune is always great, for one knows what kind of husband one has lost, but cannot tell what kind of a man one will find to succeed him."